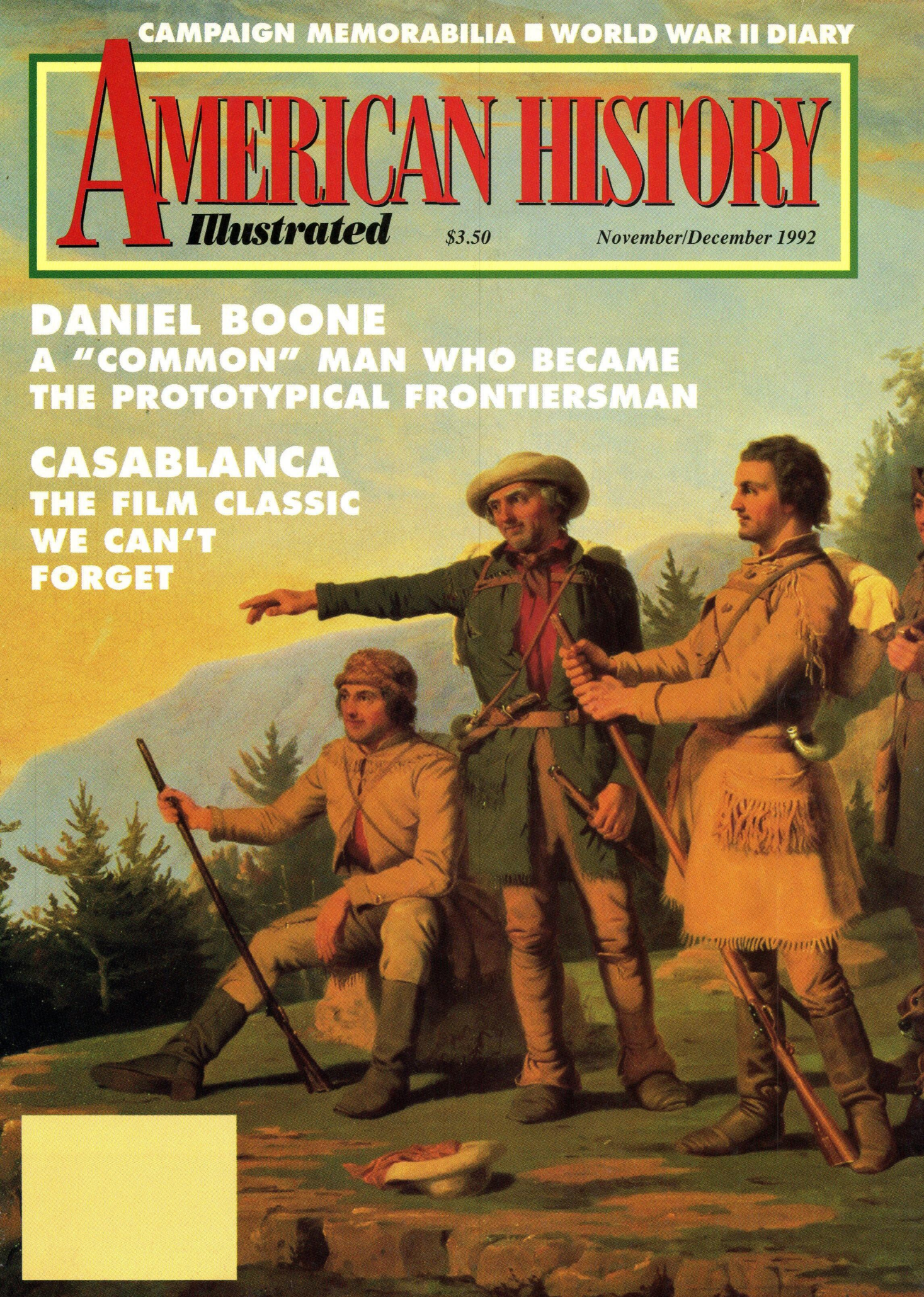
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AMERICAN HISTORY Illustrated

$3.50 November/December 1992

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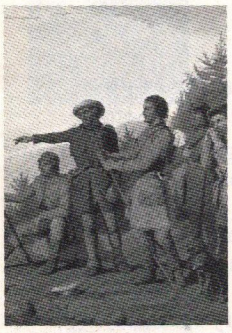
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The Adventure of the American Past

AMERICAN HISTORY *Illustrated*

Volume XXVII, Number 5

November/ December 1992



COVER

In 1769 Daniel Boone and five companions set out from their North Carolina homesteads to hunt and scout in the still mostly-unknown lands west of the Appalachian Mountains. After crossing through the Cumberland Gap, Boone "saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke"; four years later he led the first attempt by whites to colonize this fertile region, and soon thereafter he helped found the settlement of Boonesborough on the Kentucky River. Along the way, Boone became an indelible part of American history and legend. A profile of the archetypal frontiersman who showed the way to the lands beyond the mountains appears on pages 28-37.

COVER ILLUSTRATION: "DANIEL BOONE'S FIRST VIEW OF KENTUCKY" BY WILLIAM T. RANNEY (OIL ON CANVAS, 1849, DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL); COURTESY OF THE ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION, DENVER.

FEATURES

28 "But a Common Man"

Restless, courageous, paradoxical Daniel Boone—the archetypal frontiersman of history and legend—led the way in opening America's western lands to white settlement.
by John Mack Faragher

38 Torpedoed!

Seven months before America's formal entry into world conflict, this American nurse—en route to volunteer service in England—experienced the ultimate wartime disaster at sea.
by M. Marion McGill Wood

42 "Willkie"

Supported by a grassroots movement of zealous volunteers, this political outsider made a 1940 run for the presidency that H. Ross Perot might envy.
by John B. Holway

46 "Buttons, Banners, and Gold Bugs"

A priceless collection of presidential campaign memorabilia in the Museum of American Political Life at the University of Hartford commemorates Americans' treasured freedom to choose their national leaders—and the inspired, occasionally insane ways that citizens have exercised that right.
by Harold Holzer

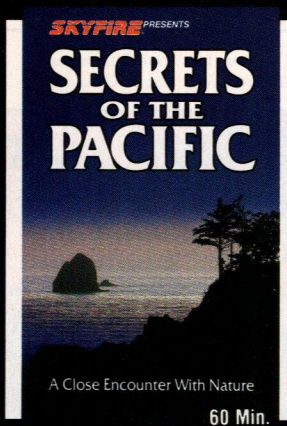
52 "A Kiss is Still a Kiss"

Half a century after its November 1942 première, timeless, romantic, exotic "Casablanca" remains the film classic that we cannot forget.
by Edward Oxford

DEPARTMENTS

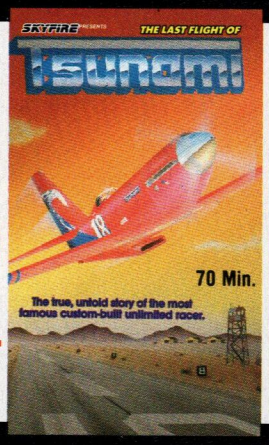
Mailbox.....4
American Gallery 6
History Bookshop 10
History Today.....12
Sight & Sound 20
History Bookshelf.....22

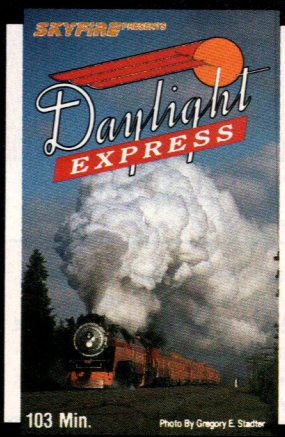
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than 180 artifacts, photographs, videos, and models from Project Mercury in the 1950s through today's Space Shuttle missions, the exhibit chronicles the social, political, and technological advancements that took the nation to the moon. On view are the back-up spacesuit worn by *Apollo 10* astronaut John Young; an Apollo Command Module used for splashdown and recovery training in the Gulf of Mexico; and a moon rock estimated to be 3.3 billion years old. For more information telephone 206-764-5720.

The Ancient Americas: Art from Sacred Landscapes

This international exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago until January 3, 1993, celebrates the quincentenary of the encounter of European and Native American peoples and explores more than three thousand years of artistic achievement by ancient Amerindian cultures. Representing seventeen cultures, the three hundred works of art were borrowed from sixty-five institutions in eleven countries throughout Europe and the Americas. Works range from modeled ceramic vessels and brilliantly colored textiles to spectacular goldwork and monumental stone sculptures. In addition to an illustrated catalogue offering essays by twenty-five art historians, archaeologists, and ethnohistorians, the show is complemented by an innovative educational program directed to the participating Latin American countries as well as the U.S. cities of Chicago, Houston, and Los Angeles in which the exhibit will appear. For more information telephone 312-443-3600.



PERUVIAN FIGURINE (CIRCA 1500), FROM "THE ANCIENT AMERICAS: ART FROM SACRED LANDSCAPES," AT THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

Utah at the Crossroads

The Utah State Historical Society in Salt Lake City has opened its first permanent exhibition, interpreting how people, technology, and geography were integral parts of the settlement and development of America's forty-fifth state. Given its geographical situation, Utah, even in prehistoric times, was an intersection of roads over which people passed in order to hunt, trade, migrate, or settle. The exhibit examines the prehistoric encounters that took place within Utah's environs; the influence of geography on succeeding waves of settlers; and the role played by advancing technology in the state's industrial development. For more information telephone 801-533-5755.

The Forgotten War: A History of the United States Merchant Marine during World War II

The National Archives (Mid-Atlantic region) in Philadelphia pays tribute to the U.S. Merchant Marine's World War II service with an exhibition that runs until December 7. Displays explore the operations of German submarines that sank or damaged nearly three hundred vessels along the American East Coast during the early months of the conflict; the role of the War Shipping Administration, charged with directing the operation, purchase, charter, requisition, and use of all ships under the flag or control of the United States; cargo carried to American armed forces; ship construction, especially the mass-produced Liberty ships; Merchant Marine logbooks (a valuable resource for studying World War II nautical history and for seamen seeking to establish veteran's status); the seamen themselves; and the struggle for recognition of their wartime service. For more information telephone 215-597-3000.

Enhancing the Illusion: The Origins and Progress of Photography

The International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House in Rochester, New York has unveiled a



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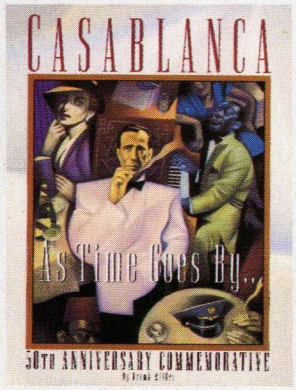
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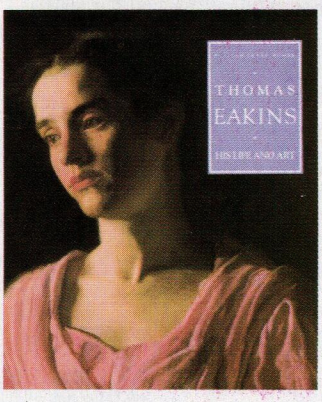
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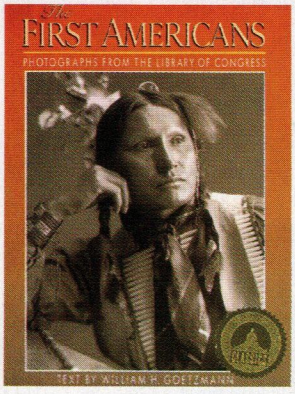
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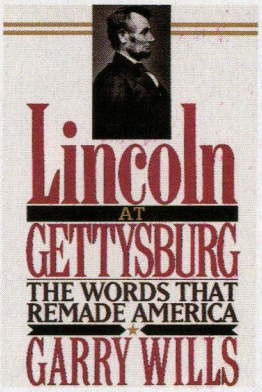
THOMAS EAKINS: HIS LIFE AND ART
by William Innes Homer
Almost 250 paintings and photographs enhance this large-format revisionist biography of a great nineteenth-century American artist. Homer removes the myths surrounding the willfully independent maverick who also experimented with photography and sculpture. 276 pages. $95.00.

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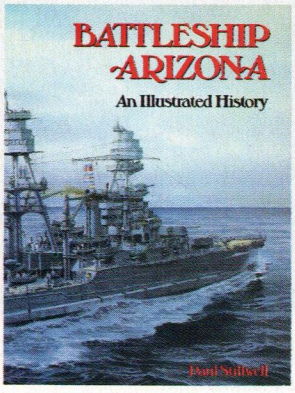
THE FIRST AMERICANS: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
text by William H. Goetzmann
This outstanding collection of photographs from the vast trove in the Library of Congress not only recaptures the world of America's indigenous peoples as portrayed by dozens of turn-of-the-century photographers but also reveals much about how white Americans once perceived that native heritage. 144 pages. $30.00.

AFIR



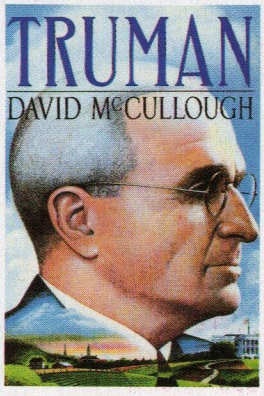
LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG: THE WORDS THAT REMADE AMERICA
by Garry Wills
Historian Wills, calling the Gettysburg Address a daring act of intellectual revolution, shows how Abraham Lincoln, in a mere 272 words, recast the tradition of oration, the Gettysburg battle, the Civil War, and the history of American political thought. 315 pages. $23.00.

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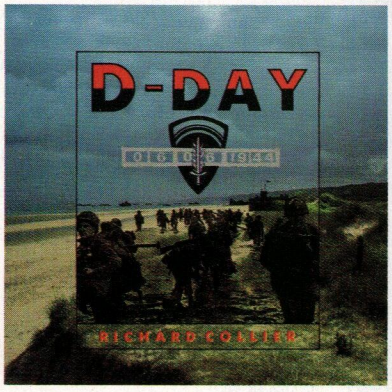
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New Worlds, Ancient Texts: The Cultural Impact of an Encounter

More than two hundred artifacts at the New York Public Library, on display until January 9, 1993, illustrate the extraordinary impact fifteenth- to seventeenth-century voyages of exploration exerted on the development of European thought and culture. Drawn from the institution's own collections, the materials include manuscripts, illuminated maps, globes, and atlases, books, prints, and broadsides. The exhibition's five thematic sections consider the state of scholarship at the end of the fifteenth century; the connections between the worlds of the scholar and practical men such as sailors, craftsmen, and soldiers; Europeans' struggle to collate, master, and make sense of the flood of new information that confronted them; the variety and contradictions among New World images that Europeans had to grasp; and the arguments of seventeenth-century intellectuals such as Sir Francis Drake and René Descartes, who argued that study of the natural world was preferable to the study of ancient texts. For more information telephone 212-869-8089.

Dream Makers: American Children's Book Illustrators

Between November 21 and January 21, 1993 the High Museum of Art in Atlanta explores the fantasy world of American children's book illustrations. The exhibition features about seventy-five rare children's books and 118 original drawings and paintings. Drawn from the collection of Betsy Beinecke Shirley of New Jersey, the show—which will include a special section on the evolution of Santa Claus in succes-



sive editions of Clement Moore's *A Visit From St. Nicholas* and other seasonal favorites—offers such highlights as F.G. Attwood's drawings for Lucretia Hale's *The Peterkin Papers*; Howard Pyle's illustrations for Mark Twain's *Saint Joan of Arc*; and Maurice Sendak's watercolors for *Where the Wild Things Are*. For more information telephone 404-892-HIGH.

Art of the American Indian Frontier: The Collecting of Chandler and Pohrt

Until January 24, 1993 the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. displays more than 150 Eastern Woodland and Plains Indian objects gathered by Milford G. Chandler (1889-1981) and Richard A. Pohrt (1911-), whose interest in Native American art led them to amass collections totaling more than four thousand pieces. Organized by Michigan's Detroit Institute of Arts in association with the National Gallery and the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, the exhibition features a wide range of nineteenth-century decorative, utilitarian, and ceremonial objects that include feather headdresses; moccasins; leather and textiles; beadwork; domestic items such as cradles, trunks, and bowls; pipes; weaponry; and pictographic engravings and drawings. The show will travel to Seattle, Cody, and Detroit. For more information telephone 202-737-4215. ★



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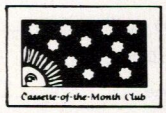
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History Today

Eighteenth-Century Black Burial Ground Unearthed in New York City

Archaeologists excavating ahead of construction crews preparing a site near New York's City Hall for a thirty-four-story federal building have unearthed more than four hundred skeletons buried between 1710 and 1790 in a cemetery for black New Yorkers. Most occupants of the lower Manhattan burial ground, which originally lay outside the city limits, were probably slaves. No resting place has yet been selected for reinterment of the exhumed remains, which have provided valuable information on such things as nutrition, life expectancy, and infant mortality among this largely undocumented segment of the eighteenth-century community.

In addition to the burials, the site also contained evidence of a pottery works, a tannery, and homes built during the early nineteenth century above the filled-in cemetery. Another portion of the cemetery probably still lies undisturbed beneath City Hall Park, an area considered "common burial ground" since colonial days.

Oregon Trail Sesquicentennial

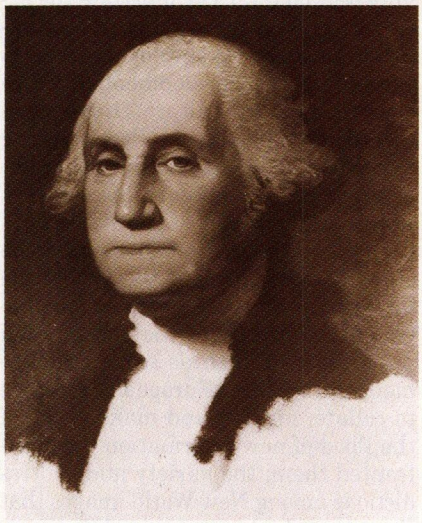
Next year marks the 150th anniversary of the beginning of the "Great Overland Migration" of 1843-1870, during which thousands of would-be settlers made the arduous two-thousand-mile overland trek from the Missouri River to the Willamette Valley via the Oregon Trail.

The seven states whose borders encompass portions of the famous trail—Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri—have begun preparations for commemorating what became one of the great mass migrations in recorded history. Planned projects include a five-month-long re-creation of the journey by a wagon train that will leave Independence, Missouri in mid-April and arrive at Oregon City in September; a national traveling exhibition entitled "The Great Oregon Trail Medicine Show," which demonstrates the individualism and self-reliance of the trail pioneers; "Trails to Oregon," a year-long exhibit at the Oregon Historical Society in Portland; a ninety-minute public television documentary, "In Search of the Oregon Trail"; and development of four Oregon Trail interpretive centers in Oregon, including one on the Umatilla Indian Reserve near Pendleton that will tell the trail's story from the point of view of the Umatilla, Walla Walla, and Cayuse tribes.

For more information contact the Oregon Trail Coordinating Council, 222 N.W. Davis, Suite 309, Portland, Oregon 97209; 503-228-7245.

Television Documentary Offers New Perspective on George Washington

"George Washington: The Man Who Would Not Be King," airing November 18 on the Public Broadcasting television series *The American Experience*, brings a new dimension to America's most esteemed Founding Father, who often in the past has been portrayed as



a larger-than-life figure untouched by human imperfection. Produced and directed by David Sutherland, the documentary film incorporates artworks, dramatization, and commentary by noted historians to trace Washington's career and the evolution of his character from his youth in Virginia to the 1782 surrender of his commission as head of the victorious Continental army.

The young Washington is revealed to have been consumed by yearnings for land, wealth, and social position that led him to calculate—even lie—to reach his goal of a place among the landed gentry. But later, while helping

The Magnificence of the Old West

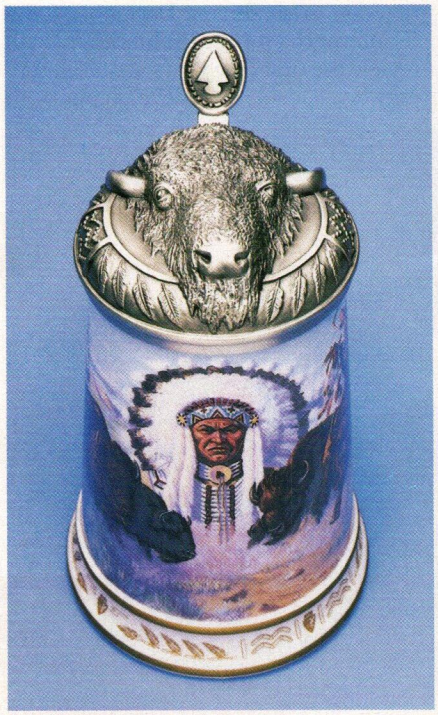
The ground shudders from the pounding of a hundred hooves ... Now, the thrill of an Indian buffalo hunt is captured in a *unique* form of Western art—a finely crafted porcelain and pewter tankard.

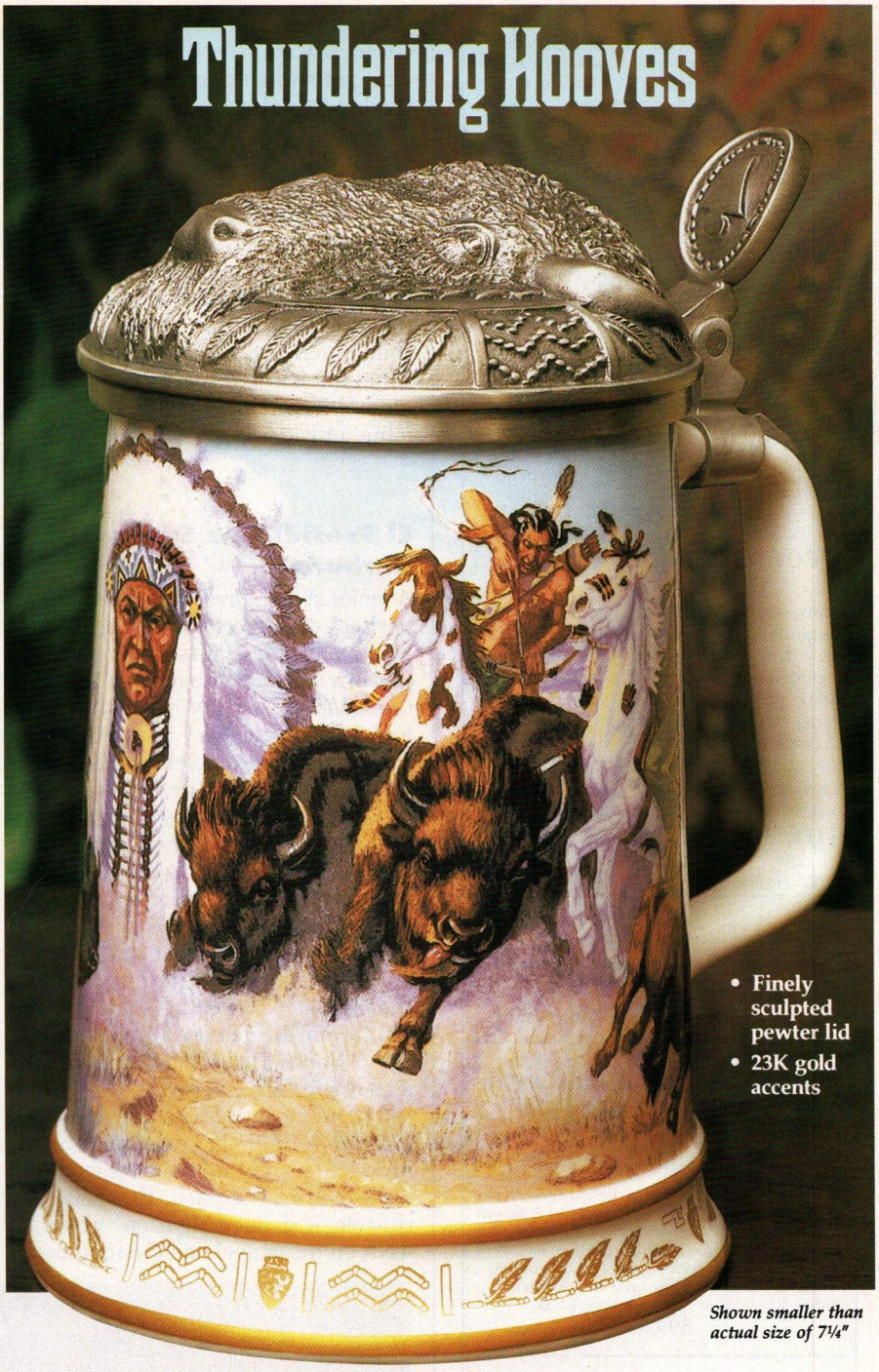
Created by Western art master Gene Stewart, "Thundering Hooves" captures a band of Indian braves as they bear down on a herd of buffalo, their bows and arrows at the ready.

Commissioned as the inaugural work in The Hamilton Collection's new **"Warriors of the Plains"** series, "Thundering Hooves" is crafted of fine hand-decorated porcelain and crowned with an elegant pewter lid sculpted in the image of a magnificent buffalo. Two 4mm 23K gold bands add the finishing touch to this impressive tankard—truly a rich piece of the past and destined to become a treasured family heirloom.

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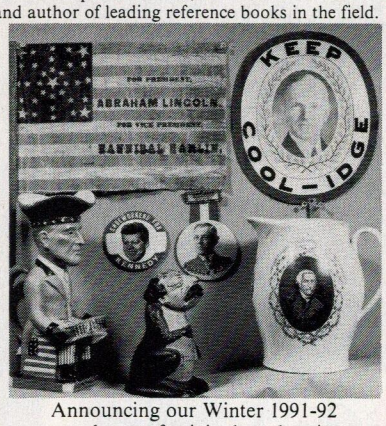
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the colonies win independence from Great Britain, the future first president grew into an inspired leader motivated by national instead of private interests. Confronted by the opportunity at the end of the war to join his officers in a revolt against the Continental Congress and become a military dictator or even a king, Washington chose to "seize history" instead of power. Rather than being a man without flaw, the Washington described here is that much greater because he overcame his baser instincts to become a man "willing to give up everything for a higher cause."

El Presidio de Santa Barbara

A major step in preserving the Spanish heritage of California is taking place at El Presidio de Santa Barbara State Historic Park, where reconstruction of the colonial military outpost's chapel and *Comandancia* (commandant's quarters) nears completion. The project was undertaken by the Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation, a nonprofit group that operates the park under an agreement with the state's Department of Parks and Recreation.

Much of the site of El Presidio de Santa Barbara, the last in a chain of four eighteenth-century forts built by the Spanish along the coast of Alta California, disappeared under the new city of Santa Barbara following American occupation in the 1840s. The oldest building owned by the state—*El Cuartel*—stands in one of the surviving sections and now serves as a museum within the park. Extensive archaeological investigation preceded work on the chapel and *Comandancia*.

The presidios played a vital role in the occupation of New Spain, protecting the missions and settlers against attacks by Native Americans; providing a seat of government; guarding the country against foreign invasion; and serving as the center of cultural and social life for Spanish Santa Barbara.

For more information contact the Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation, P.O. Box 388, Santa Barbara, California 93102-0388; 805-966-9719.

Meetings Commemorate Birth of the Atomic Age

Half a century ago on December 2, 1942, physicist and Nobel laureate Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) and his colleagues at the University of Chicago ushered in the atomic age when they achieved the world's first controlled, self-sustaining nuclear chain reaction. Fermi, who had left fascist Italy for the United States in 1938, was assigned the task by President Franklin D. Roosevelt upon creation of the Manhattan Project. His team's success in designing an "atomic pile" and achieving the chain reaction paved the way not only for creating nuclear weapons but also for the production of electricity from nuclear energy and the mass production of radioisotopes for the diagnosis and treatment of cancer and other diseases.

To mark this anniversary the University of Chicago is hosting symposia on December 1-2 that will examine both the first fifty years of physics at that institution and Fermi and the first chain reaction. Also, during December 3-5 a "Conference on Non-Proliferation" will review the first fifty years of nuclear energy by considering developments in



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the early postwar period that shaped our present world; the fears of the Manhattan Project scientists; and the lessons to be learned from the experiences of the last half-century.

For more information on the symposia contact Roger Hildebrand, Enrico Fermi Institute, University of Chicago, 5640 South Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637; 312-702-7581; for information on the conference contact Marian Rice, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Lillie House, 5801 Kenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637; 312-753-8162.

Television Documentary Recalls the "Iron Horse"

On November 16 Roger Kennedy, director of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of American History, hosts "The Iron Horse," part of his *Rediscovering America* series for cable television's Discovery Channel. The documentary returns viewers to the days of steam locomotives and the industrial revolution to explore the romance and impact of creating the largest rail network in the world.

America's railroads required great wealth to build and created a new system of industrialism while accelerating settlement of the West. From the railroads, which in many ways exemplify the industrial upheaval of the late nineteenth century, Kennedy draws a direct link through westward expansion to the rise of modern entrepreneurship, the development of labor unions, and strides in securing health and safety measures for workers.

Buffalo Soldier Monument Dedicated at Fort Leavenworth

Last July General Colin Powell, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, realized the fulfillment of a dream dating from his service at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas during the 1980s when he participated in the dedication of a monument there in memory of the members of the all-black Ninth and Tenth U.S. Cavalry regiments. The memorial to two of the nation's most decorated army units, situated on the spot where the Tenth Cavalry first bivouacked, features a fourteen-foot-high bronze figure of a mounted cavalryman sculpted by Eddie Dixon, twin reflecting pools, and a landscaped garden.

In recognition of the valuable service performed by black soldiers during the Civil War, Congress in 1866 authorized the formation of four infantry and two cavalry black regular army regiments. The Ninth Cavalry was headquartered in Greenville, Louisiana; the Tenth in Kansas, where they found themselves fighting the Cheyenne, who gave their brave opponents their respect and the name "Buffalo Soldiers." Between this early duty in the Indian Wars and the units' dissolution when the army desegregated in 1952, the cavalry regiments served throughout the West, along the Mexican border, in the Spanish-American War, World War II, and the Korean Conflict, earning twenty-four Medals of Honor and numerous campaign, unit, and presidential citations.

POW Museum at Andersonville

Ground has been broken at the site of the infamous Civil War prison at Andersonville, Georgia for an $8.5 million, ten-thousand-square-foot interactive museum that will commemorate prisoners of war from all the nation's wars since the American Revolution. Undertaken by the National Park Service in partnership with the friends of Andersonville and the American Ex-Prisoners of War, the memorial will document such aspects of the prisoner-of-war experience as capture; what constitutes a POW; physical conditions; communications; living conditions; those who wait; and morale and freedom. The Park Service is providing the larger share of funds for the museum, but the Friends of Andersonville, together with the American Ex-Prisoners of War, must work to raise $2.5 million. Actual construction will not begin until complete funding is obtained.

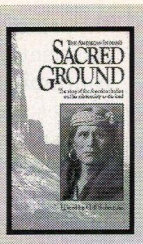
For more information contact Superintendent, Andersonville National Historic Site, Route 1 Box 85, Andersonville, Georgia 31711; 912-924-0343.

Nineteenth-Century Law Library Re-created

A replica of a mid-nineteenth-century reading room has been fashioned at Philadelphia's Temple University Law Library to house an extraordinary four-thousand-volume collection of law books that offer a window on the origins of the U.S. Constitution and the creation of American law. The books, which date from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, belonged to William Rawle (1759-1836)—

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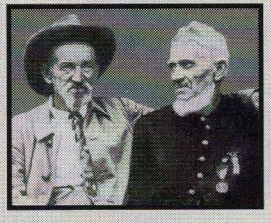


The men of Company K, 3rd Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment describe the ferocious battle for Peleliu, "An Island On Fire". In conditions that tested the sanity of each man, 9,000 Marines attacked 10,000 Japanese veterans dug into hundreds of coral and limestone caves. 28 days of unrelenting warfare, their goal...kill every last Jap before they kill you. This is a tale as harrowing as any in the history of modern warfare. A battle of total annihilation fought in inhuman conditions. It must never be forgotten.
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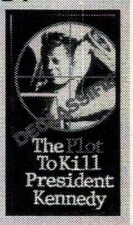


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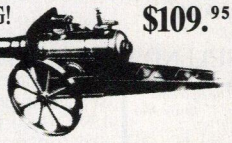
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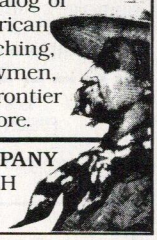


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first chancellor of the Philadelphia Bar Association and founder of the oldest continuing law firm in the nation—and his descendants. Included in the collection, which will be available to students, researchers, and legal historians, are works on English law, colonial imprints, and books authored by Rawle.

Temple Law Dean Robert J. Reinstein has likened the acquisition of an intact collection such as this to "making an archaeological discovery. . . . Not only do we have a library of historically significant volumes, but we have access to how a lawyer was thinking and practicing in the earliest days of our nation, when our legal system and American law was being created."

For more information contact Temple University School of Law, 1719 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122; 215-787-7891.

Historic Sailing Ship Restored

The 1886 square-rigged *Balclutha*, the oldest ship at the San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, has undergone a major restoration that renders the vessel an "even more stunning" part of the city's skyline. Main focus of the restoration effort has been the ship's deckhouse, which contained the galley, apprentice and petty officers' quarters, and carpenter's shop.

Historians pieced together a fairly accurate picture of the deckhouse's original appearance from materials assembled during the ship's original restoration in the 1950s; information provided by a ledger from the Scotland shipyard where the *Balclutha* was constructed; a sketch indicating room placement that was made by a seaman on the *Balclutha*'s sister ship; and a long-hidden inscription uncovered during sandblasting.

For more information contact the San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Building E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, California 94123; 415-556-1659.

Pennsylvania's Horseshoe Curve Upgraded

A $5.8-million renovation of visitor facilities at the nineteenth-century engineering marvel known as Horseshoe Curve, which neutralized the Allegheny Mountains as an obstacle to rail traffic, has been completed under the auspices of the Railroaders Memorial Museum in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Improvements at the National Historic Landmark include a 6,800-square-foot visitor center in a style reminiscent of old railroad stations and a unique single-track funicular railway for transporting viewers up the 38-degree mountainside to the curve proper.

Construction of Horseshoe Curve began in 1849, when Pennsylvania Railroad chief engineer J. Edgar Thomson concluded that a route through Altoona offered the best access across the Alleghenies, despite the presence nearby of a mountain that created two deep ravines. By filling in sections of the ravines and slicing off the face of the mountain, Thomson and his crew of 450 hand-laborers created a 2,375-foot-long grade around the obstacle that climbed 122 vertical feet while remaining within grade restrictions. The new route reduced travel time between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh from a week to twelve hours.

For more information contact the Railroaders Memorial Museum, 1300 Ninth Avenue, Altoona, Pennsylvania 16602; 814-946-0834.

USS Indianapolis Memorial

A fund-raising effort is underway to erect a memorial in Indiana's capital city to victims and survivors of America's worst wartime naval disaster—the July 1945 sinking of the heavy cruiser USS *Indianapolis* (CA-35) off the Philippine coast. The granite and limestone monument, to be built overlooking the Water Company Canal several blocks from downtown Indianapolis, will suggest a ship's configuration and deck, with wings recalling a Greek stage—often the setting for classic tragedies—and will bear the names of all of the victims and survivors.

The *Indianapolis* was en route from Leyte to the Philippines after delivering parts for the two atomic bombs that would be dropped on Japan when she was torpedoed by a Japanese submarine. Although the ship sank within minutes, nearly eight hundred of the eleven-hundred-man crew survived the initial disaster. But no alert was ever posted for the overdue vessel, and before survivors finally were sighted by a Navy pilot on routine patrol, almost five hundred more crew members died from exposure, dehydration, and shark attacks.

For more information contact the USS Indianapolis Survivors Memorial Organization, Heslar Naval Armory, 30th and White River Parkway, Indianapolis, Indiana 46208; 317-924-0617. ★

IS YOUR NAME HERE?

If your surname is listed, you belong to one of America's 2,867 most distinguished families — and this is your opportunity to own a copy of your family's history!

ABBOTT(T)
ABEL(L)
ABERNATHY
ABERNETHY
ABRAMS
ACHESON
ACKERMAN
ACKERS
ADAM(S)
ADKINS
AINSWORTH
AITKEN
AKERS
ALBRECHT
ALBRIGHT
ALDEN
ALDRICH
ALDRIDGE
ALEXANDER
ALFORD
ALLAN
ALLEN
ALLISON
ALVORD
AMES
AMOS
ANDERSON
ANDREW(S)
ANTHONY
APPLEGATE
ARCHER
ARMSTRONG
ARNDT
ARNETT
ARNOLD
ARNOTT
ASBURY
ASHBY
ASHLEY
ASHTON
ATCHISON
ATHERTON
ATKINS
ATKINSON
ATWOOD
AUSTIN
AVERY
AYER(S)
AYRES
BABCOCK
BACON
BAER
BAGGETT
BAGGOTT
BAGLEY
BAGWELL
BAILEY
BAIRD
BAKER
BALDWIN
BALL
BALLARD
BALLOU
BAN(N)ISTER
BANK(E)S
BARBEE
BARBOUR
BARCLAY
BARKER
BARKLEY
BARLOW
BARNARD
BARNES
BARNET(T)
BARR
BARRETT
BAR(R)ON
BARRY
BARTHOLOMEW
BARTLETT
BARTON
BASS(E)
BASSETT(T)
BATEMAN
BATES
BATSON
BATTEN
BAUER
BAUGHMAN
BAYLEY
BEACH
BEACHAM
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BEARD
BEARDSLEY
BEASLEY
BEATTY
BEAUCHAMP
BECK
BECKER
BEEBE
BEECH
BELCHER
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BENNER
BENNETT
BENSEN
BENSON
BENTON
BERK(E)LEY
BERRY
BEST
BETTS
BEVAN(S)
BIDWELL
BIGG(S)
BILLINGS
BINGHAM
BINNS
BIRD
BISHOP
BLACK
BLACKBURN(E)
BLAIR
BLAKE

BLANCHARD
BLAND
BLANKENSHIP
BLANTON
BLEDSOE
BLENKINSOP
BLISS
BLODGETT
BL(O)UNT
BOGGS
BOLES
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BONNER
BOOKER
BOON(E)
BOSTON
BOUCHER
BOWEN
BOWER(S)
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BOYCE
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BOYETT
BOYLE(S)
BRACKETT
BRADFORD
BRADLEY
BRADSHAW
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BRANCH
BRAND(T)
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BRANNON
BRASHEAR(S)
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BRAY
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BRENNAN
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BREWSTER
BRIAN
BRICE
BRIDGES
BRIGGS
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BRISCOE
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BRITTAIN
BRITTEN
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BROCK
BROCKETT
BRONSON
BROOKS
BROUGER
BROWN(E)
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BROYLES
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BURNHAM
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BURTON
BUSBY
BUSH
BUTCHER
BUTLER
BUTT(S)
BUTTERWORTH
BYER(S)
BYRD
BYRNE
CABELL
CABLE
CADE
CADY
CAHILL
CAIN(E)
CALDWELL
CALHOUN
CALLAHAN
CALLAWAY
CALLOWAY
CALVERT
CAMERON
CAMPBELL
CAN(N)ON
CANTRELL
CAPE
CAPELAND
CAR(E)Y
CARNE(S)
CARNEY
CARPENTER
CARR

CARRINGTON
CARROLL
CARSON
CARTER
CARTWRIGHT
CARVER
CASE
CASEY
CASSADY
CASSIDY
CATE(S)
CAVANA(U)GH
CAVE
CECIL
CHADWICK
CHALMERS
CHAMBERL(A)IN
CHAMBERS
CHAMPION
CHANDLER
CHANEY
CHAPIN
CHAPMAN
CHAPPELL
CHARLES
CHASE
CHEATHAM
CHENEY
CHILD(S)
CHILDERS
CHILDRESS
CHILES
CHILTON
CHOATE

CORNELL
COSGROVE
COTE
COTTER
COTTON
COUCH
COULTER
COURTNEY
COWAN
COWEN
COWIN
COX(E)
CRABTREE
CRAFT
CRAIG
CRAIN
CRAMER
CRANE
CRAVEN
CRAWFORD
CRAWLEY
CRES(S)WELL
CREWS(S)
CRICHTON
CRITTENDEN
CROCKER
CROCKETT
CROSBY
CROSS
CROUCH
CROW(E)
CROWDER
CROWELL
CROWLEY

DOTSON
DOTY
DOUGHERTY
DOUGLAS(S)
DOVE
DOWLING
DOWN(E)S
DOWNING
DOYLE
DRAKE
DRAPER
DREW
DREWRY
DRUMMOND
DRURY
DUBOIS
DUCKWORTH
DUDLEY
DUFFY
DUGGAN
DUKE(S)
DULAN(E)Y
DUNBAR
DUNCAN
DUNHAM
DUNLAP
DUNLOP
DUNN(E)
DURHAM
DWYER
DYE
DYER
DYKE(S)
DYRE

FREE!
Coat of Arms

Pen and ink drawing of a Coat of Arms borne by a member of your family is included, together with authoritative heraldic description! Plus FREE 17 x 22 inch Ancestry Chart, perfect for you to record the names of your ancestors in all lines for 8 generations.

C(H)RIST
CHRIST(MAN(N)
CHRISTIAN
CHRISTIE
CHRISTOPHER
CHRISTY
CHURCH
CHURCHILL
CHUTE
CLAPP
CLARK(E)
CLARKSON
CLAY
CLAYTON
CLE(AVELAND
CLEM(ON)S
CLEMEN(T)(S)
CLIFFORD
CLIFTON
CLINE
CLINTON
CLOSE
CLOUGH
COATE(S)
COBB
COCHRAN(E)
COE
COEN
COFFEE
COFFEY
COFFIN
COGSWELL
COKER
COL(E)MAN
COLBY
COLDWELL
COLLIER
COLLINS
COLVER
COLWELL
COMER
COMPTON
COMSTOCK
CONKLIN(G)
CONLEY
CONNELL
CONNELLY
CONNER
CONNOR
CONOVER
CONRAD
CONWAY
COOK(E)
COOKSEY
COOLEY
COON(S)
COOPER
COPE
COPELAND
COR(E)Y
CORBETT
CORBIN
CORLEY
CORNELIUS

CROWTHER
CRUMP
CULBERTSON
CULLEN
CULVER
CUMMIN(G)S
CUNNINGHAM
CURRY
CURTIS
CUTLER
DAGGETT
DAIL(E)Y
DALE
DAL(E)Y
DALTON
DAMERON
DANIEL(S)
DARLING
DARRA(G)H
DAUGHERTY
DAVENPORT
DAVI(DI)SON
DAVI(ES)
DAWSON
DAY
DEAL
DEAN(E)
DECKER(T)
DEE
DEKKER
DELAND
DELAN(E)Y
DELANO
DELL
DELONG
DENNIS
DENTON
DEWEY
DEWITT
DICKERSON
DICKEY
DICKINSON
DICKSON
DIEHL
DIETRICH
DIKE
DILL
DILLARD
DILLER
DILLON
DIXON
DODD(S)
DODGE
DODSON
DOGGETT
DOHERTY
DONAHOE
DONAHUE
DONALDSON
DONELSON
DONNELLY
DONOHOE
DONOHUE
DONOVAN

EAMES
EARL(E)Y
EAST
EASTMAN
EATON
EBERHAR(D)T
EBY
ECCLES
ECKLES
EDDY
EDMONDS
EDMON(D)SON
EDMUNDS
EDWARDS
EGGLESTON
ELDER
ELDRED(G)E
ELDRIDGE
ELIOT
ELKIN(S)
ELLIOT(T)
ELLIS
ELLISON
ELMER
ELMORE
ELY
EMERSON
EMERY
EMMETT(T)
EMMONS
ENGEL
ENGLAND
ENGLE
ENGLISH
ENNIS
EPPS
ERWIN
ESTES
EUBANK
EVANS
EVERARD
EVERETT
EVERITT
EWING
FAIRCHILD
FARMER
FARNSWORTH
FARR
FARRAR
FARRELL
FAULKNER
FAWCETT
FAY
FERGUSON
FERRELL
FERRIS
FIELD(S)
FINCH
FIN(D)LAY
FIN(D)LEY
FINNEY
FISH
FISHER
FITCH

FITZGERALD
FITZPATRICK
FLANAGAN
FLANDERS
FLANIGAN
FLEM(M)ING
FLETCHER
FLINN
FLINT
FLOWER(S)
FLOYD
FLYNN
FOLEY
FOLGER
FORBES
FORD
FORE(MAN
FORSTER
FOSTER
FOWLER
FOX
FOY
FRANCIS
FRANK(E)
FRANKLIN
FRASER
FRAZ(I)ER
FRED(E)RICK
FREEMAN
FRENCH
FREY
FROST
FRY(E)
FULLER
FULTON
FUNC(K)E
FURMAN
GAGE
GAINES
GALL(AG)HER
GALLOWAY
GARARD
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GARD(I)NER
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GARRISON
GASTON
GATES
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GEER
GENTRY
GEORGE
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GERBER
GERMAN
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HEYWARD
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JUDD
JUDY
JUSTICE
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KAISER
KATES
KAVANA(U)GH
KAY(E)
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KEARNE(S)
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KEMP(E)
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KIMBALL

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KINKAID(E)
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KIRKPATRICK
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LUCKETT
LUNDY
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MABR(E)Y
MA(C)AULEY
MA(C)DONALD
MA(C)FARALANE
MA(C)FARLAND
MA(C)FARLANE
MA(C)HENRY
MACK
MA(C)KENZIE
MA(C)LAUGHLIN
MA(C)LEOD

M(A)CMILLAN
M(A)CRAE
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MASON
MASSEY
MASSIE
MAT(T)HEW(S)
MATTOCKS
MAXCY
MAXEY
MAXWELL
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MAYES
MAYNARD
MAYO
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MCBRIDE
MCCABE
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MCQUAID
MCSWEEN(E)Y
MCVEIGH
MCVEY
MEADE(R)
MEADOW(S)

MIDDLETON
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MINOR
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MURPHY
MURRAY
MYER(S)
NANCE
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NAYLOR
NEAL(E)
NEFF
NEIL(L)
NELSON
NEUMAN
NEVILLE
NEWCOMB
NEWELL
NEWMAN
NEWTON
NICHOL(L)S
NICHOLAS
NICHOLSON
NICKERSON
NILES
NIXON
NOBLE
NOEL
NOLAN
NORMAN
NORRIS
NORTH
NORTON
NORWOOD
NOWELL
NOYES
NUN(N)
O'BRYAN
O'CONNOR
O'LEARY
O'NEAL
O'NEIL(L)
OAKLEY
OATES
OCONNOR
ODELL
OGDEN
OGILV(IE
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PARR
PARROTT
PARSONS
PATE
PAT(T)ERSON
PAT(T)ON
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PENDLETON
PENNINGTON
PERKINS
PERRY
PETER(S)

REDMON(D)
REED
REES(E)
REID
REILLY
REITER
RENFRO
REYNOLDS
RHEA
RHOA(D)E(S
RICE
RICH
RICHARD(S)
RICHARDSON
RICHMOND
RICKETTS
RIDDLE
RIGGS
RILEY
RITCHIE
RITTER
ROACH
ROB(B)IN(S)

SHEPHERD
SHERIDAN
SHERMAN
SHERRILL
SHERWOOD
SHIELD(S)
SHIP(P)MAN
SHIRLEY
SHOEMAKER
SIMMON(S)
SIM(M)S
SMART
SNIDER
SNOW
SNOWDEN
SNYDER
SOM(M)ER(S)
SOULE
SPA(U)LDING
SPANGLER
SPARK(S)
SPEER
SPENCE

TULLY
TURNBULL
TURNER
TUTTLE
TYLER
TYRRELL
TYSON
UNDERWOOD
VAIL
VALENTINE
VANCE
VAUGH(A)N
VERNON
VICKERS
VICKERY
VINCENT
VOSS
WADDELL
WADE
WAGE(N)ER
WAG(G)ONER
WAIT(E)
WALDEN
WALDRON
WALKER
WALL
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WALTON
WARD
WARE
WARNER
WARREN
WASHBURN(E)
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WEAVER
WEB(B)ER
WEBB
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WESTON
WHARTON
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WHIPPLE
WHIT(T)AKER
WHITCOMB
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WHITLOCK
WHIT(T)MORE
WHITNEY
WHITTINGTON
WICKHAM
WIGGIN(S)
WIL(L)COX
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WIL(L)EY
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WILLARD
WILLIAMS
WILLIAMSON
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WILLOUGHBY
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WILSON
WINCHESTER
WIN(C)KLER
WINDHAM
WING
WINN(E)
WINSLOW
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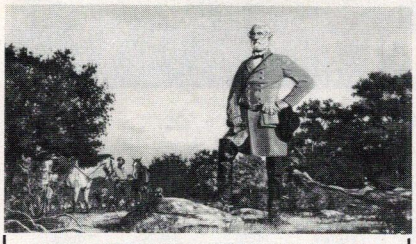
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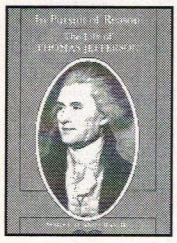


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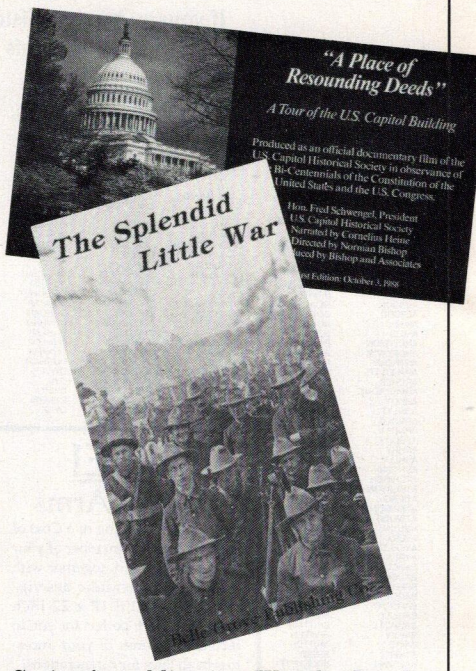
The Splendid Little War

Diplomat and public official John Milton Hay (1838-1905) coined the assessment of America's brief (April-August 1898), popular war with Spain that gives this video documentary its title. Despite being militarily mismanaged and quite possibly unnecessary, the Spanish-American War was a strategic victory for the United States, which acquired as a result such former Spanish possessions as Puerto Rico, Guam, and the Philippine Islands. The war also holds the distinction of being the first conflict captured on film by the then-fledgling motion picture process. This production combines recently discovered "lost" film from the period—including battle scenes restaged in the United States—with archival photographs and first-person narratives to recount the events that led to the declaration of war; the mobilization and training of American troops; the meeting after more than thirty years of Civil War adversaries now fighting for a common cause; and combat in Cuba, especially the fierce fighting for San Juan Hill.

Belle Grove Publishing Co., P.O. Box 483, Kearney, New Jersey 07032, 201-991-8749; VHS, 55 minutes, $29.95 plus $3.50 shipping.

A Place of Resounding Deeds

The cornerstone of the Capitol in the new federal city of Washington, D.C. was laid in 1793 at a spot known as Jenkins Heights, an eminence described two years before by engineer Pierre Charles L'Enfant as a "pedestal awaiting a monument." Cornelius Heine, director of the U.S. Capitol Historical Society, here leads a video tour through the grand structure where members of the Senate and House of Representatives for nearly two centuries have helped to shape America's destiny. The program traces both the history and lore of the Capitol—including how William Thornton's original design underwent numerous modifications under such renowned architects as Benjamin Henry Latrobe, Charles Bulfinch, and Thomas Ustick Walter. The tour pays special attention to the magnificent sculptures, carvings, paintings, and frescoes found throughout the building. A copy of the



Society's publication *We, the People: The Story of the United States Capitol* is also included as part of the package.

Karol Video, P.O. Box 7600, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania 18773-7600, 800-526-4773; VHS, 32 minutes, $29.95 plus $4.00 shipping.

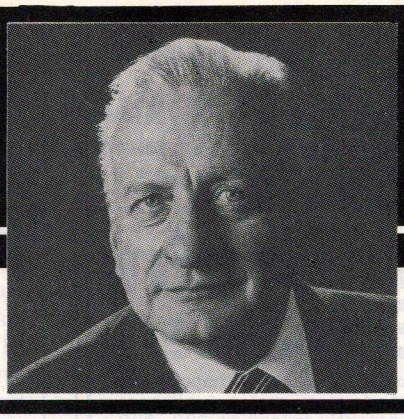
The Good King: The American Presidency Since the Depression

Produced in cooperation with the Smithsonian Institution, this eight-tape audio cassette series features University of Pennsylvania professor Bruce Kuklick's analysis of the tremendous growth in presidential power in America during the past fifty years. Dr. Kuklick's lectures cover civic personality and the presidency; Franklin D. Roosevelt's legacy; Harry S. Truman and the Cold War; the Korean conflict and Joseph McCarthy; the Dwight D. Eisenhower-John F. Kennedy years; Lyndon B. Johnson and Vietnam; and Watergate and the future of liberalism. The lectures are part of a "SuperStar Teachers" series that provides condensed versions of one-semester college courses by outstanding professors from campuses around the country and that so far includes programs in history, literature, and religion.

The Teaching Company, P.O. Box 17524, Dept. H, Arlington, Virginia 22216, 703-785-8727; eight 45-minute audio cassettes, $89.95 plus $5.00 shipping. ★

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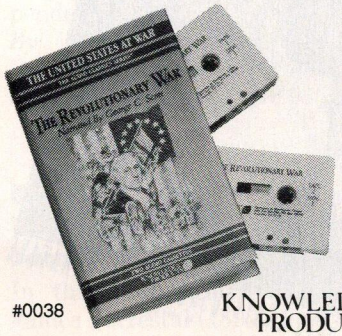
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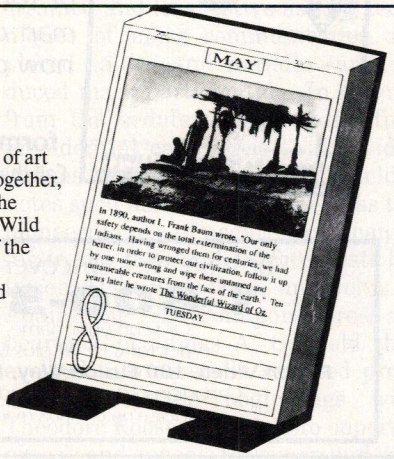
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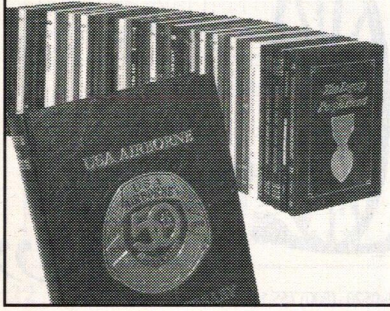
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ley trace the life and career of a man of "great ability, noble ambition, innate patriotism, deep dedication, and selfless labor [whose] contributions to government rank with those of his distinguished contemporaries . . . who fashioned the great victory in World War II and then laid the solid foundations of the postwar era." The son of Irish immigrants, Forrestal attended Princeton University, served as an aviator in World War I, and enjoyed success on Wall Street. In 1940 he joined Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration where as undersecretary and then secretary of the Navy he oversaw the rebuilding of the American fleet that was so instrumental in defeating the Axis powers. In addition to documenting Forrestal's crucial role in American efforts to achieve victory, restore a shattered postwar world, and then confront the Soviet challenge, the authors describe his descent into the paranoia and self-destruction that finally led to suicide at the age of fifty-seven.

By Townsend Hoopes and Douglas Brinkley (Alfred A. Knopf, New York City, 1992; 587 pages, illustrated, $30.00).

The Battle of Lexington and Concord

Superb color historical re-enactment photographs highlight Neil Johnson's concise account of the events that transpired at Lexington and Concord, Massachusetts on April 19, 1775, when "the shot heard 'round the world" swept British troops and American volunteers into what became the first engagement of the American Revolution. *By Neil Johnson (Four Winds Press, New York City, 1992; 40 pages, illustrated, $15.95).*

The Custer Reader

Few figures in American history have had more written about them than George Armstrong Custer, whose 1876 death near Montana's Little Big Horn River has stirred controversy for more than a century. Paul Andrew Hutton has sifted through the "incredible bibliographic bulk on America's most famously unfortunate soldier" to produce a volume that provides both Custer scholars and newcomers with some of the best material available on the man and the legend. Arranged in four sections that highlight Custer's remarkable Civil War record; his role

in the Indian Wars; his final defeat by Sitting Bull; and the myths and controversies that have grown up around his memory, the collection of reprinted scholarly articles, first-person narratives, memoirs, and photo essays also includes new insights by Custer experts Gregory J.W. Urwin, Brian Dippie, Robert M. Utley, and Eric von Schmidt. A bibliographic essay offers interested readers a guide through the mass of Custer books and articles available for further study.
Edited by Paul Andrew Hutton (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1992; 585 pages, illustrated, $40.00).

Dear Wife: Letters of a Civil War Soldier

Daniel B. White, a twenty-seven-year-old dairy farmer from New York's Delaware County, enlisted in the 144th New York State Volunteers in August 1864 and spent most of the next eleven months of the Civil War in relative comfort at Hilton Head, South Carolina, where he built fortifications, guarded Confederate prisoners, and stood sentry duty. Jack C. Davis has edited and annotated the letters that White penned to his wife, Amanda, in which he wrote about his concern for family and friends; his daily routine, provisions, and work assignments; and especially his own health and that of his acquaintances. White did not see combat or take part in any of the pivotal events of the conflict, but his letters are valuable for their insights into "the day-to-day life of an infantry private soldier with all the tedium and sacrifice that service required."
Edited by Jack C. Davis (Sulgrave Press, Louisville, Kentucky, 1992; 238 pages, illustrated, $14.95).

Eleanor Roosevelt: Volume One 1884-1933

This first of a planned two-volume biography of Eleanor Roosevelt (1884-1962), wife of America's thirty-second president, spans the years from her birth into an aristocratic family ravaged by alcoholism and self-destruction to her husband Franklin D. Roosevelt's 1933 inauguration. Blanche Wiesen Cook uses recently opened archives, Federal Bureau of Investigation and State Department files, and private correspondence to create a picture that goes beyond the long-held image of her subject as a dutiful wife and submissive daughter-in-law.

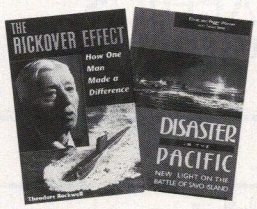
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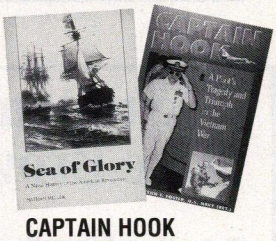
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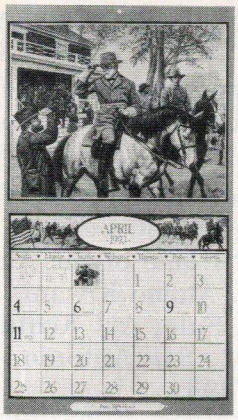
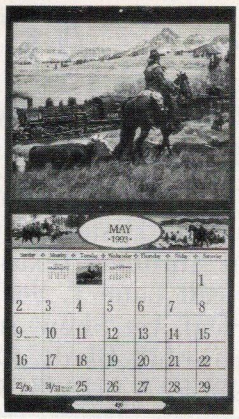
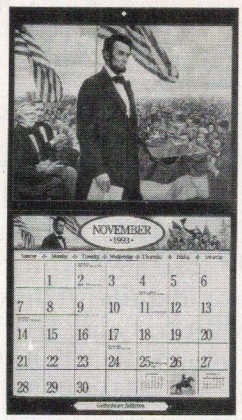
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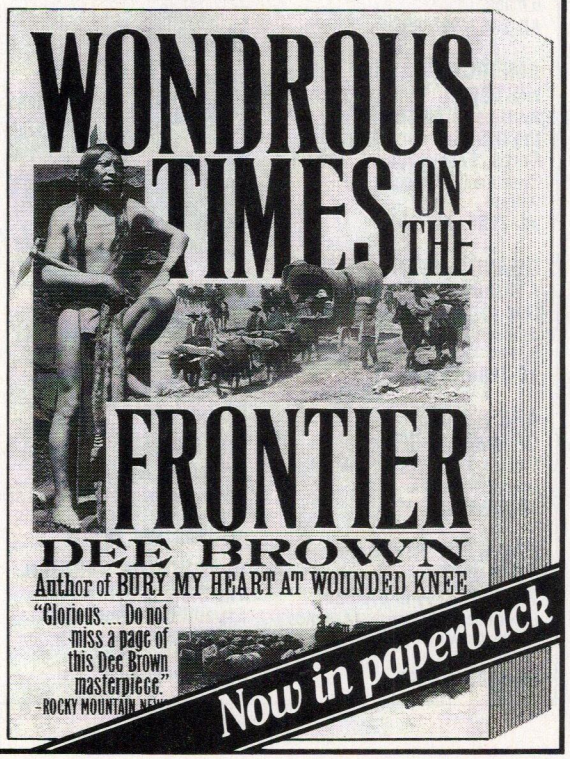
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Instrumental in passing social and labor legislation that changed the fabric of American society, Roosevelt was arguably the most important woman in American political history. Cook discusses Eleanor's unhappy childhood; her relationship with her alcoholic father, whom she idolized; her emotional and intellectual blossoming at school in England; her evolving views on such issues as women suffrage and racism; the supposedly "un-American activities" that led to her being branded a subversive; and her highly unusual form of "open" marriage with FDR.
By Blanche Wiesen Cook (Viking, New York City, 1992; 587 pages, illustrated, $27.50).

Four Hours in My Lai

An outgrowth of their award-winning documentary film of the same title, this book by British journalists Michael Bilton and Kevin Sim recounts the most infamous war crime in American military history—the 1968 massacre of more than four hundred men, women, and children in the Vietnamese village known as My Lai 4 by members of Charlie Company of the Americal Division's 11th Light Infantry Brigade. In addition to traveling across the U.S. and Vietnam to obtain eyewitness accounts from soldiers and surviving victims, the authors had access to the complete records amassed during the U.S. Army's investigation that eventually led to the trials of four participants and the conviction of only one (Lieutenant William Calley who, though sentenced to life in prison, was released after serving only a few months). The authors examine how a group of typical young American men came to believe that it was their duty to annihilate an entire village of civilians; how America reacted to this tragedy; and the consequences of the "incident" for those involved.
By Michael Bilton and Kevin Sim (Viking, New York City, 1992; 430 pages, illustrated, $25.00).

Triumph Without Victory: The Unreported History of the Persian Gulf War

Prepared by the editors of *U.S. News and World Report* from a wealth of primary sources—including more than six hundred postwar interviews—this detailed account of the Persian Gulf

War (January 16-February 28, 1991) provides insights into the origins of the conflict; the diplomatic maneuverings that resulted in the allied coalition against Iraq; and the planning and waging of the war itself. The editors contend that the Pentagon's policy of restricting news coverage of actual combat resulted in many of the facts surrounding the conflict going unreported. Among the book's disclosures are President George Bush's efforts to circumvent congressional warmaking authority by involving the United Nations; the attempts by the U.S. Air Force to eliminate Saddam Hussein on the final day of battle; the largest tank battle of the war (which took place two days after the cease-fire); and discrepancies in the reported size of the Iraqi army, the number of enemy casualties, and the number of Americans killed by "friendly fire."

By the editors of U.S. News and World Report (Times Books/Random House, New York City, 1992; 477 pages, $25.00).

The Devil Soldier: The Story of Frederick Townsend Ward

His own family and successive unsympathetic regimes in China have erased many details surrounding the adventurous life of Frederick Townsend Ward (1831-1862), who died while leading the "Ever Victorious Army"—called "Devil Soldiers" by their adversaries—in the service of the Chinese imperial government. To fill in the gaps, historian Caleb Carr has drawn extensively on previously unpublished documents, Chinese imperial records, family papers, and American and British diplomatic archives to "throw light on [Ward's] shadowy figure." Born in Salem, Massachusetts, Ward first went to China on merchant ships and later fought as a soldier of fortune in military campaigns in Mexico and the Crimea. In 1859 he returned to China and signed on to fight a rebel army of Taipings, a powerful group of quasi-Christian mystics attempting to overthrow the Manchu dynasty. During the next two years Ward organized a highly successful force of Western-trained Chinese soldiers, won a string of victories over the Taipings, became a Chinese citizen, married the daughter of a mandarin, and was awarded a generalship and mandarinate of his own.

By Caleb Carr (Random House, New York City, 1992; 366 pages, illustrated, $25.00). ★

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Restless, courageous, paradoxical Daniel Boone—the archetypal frontiersman of history and legend—led the way in opening America's western lands to white settlement.

"But a Common Man"

by John Mack Faragher

During the years preceding Daniel Boone's death in 1820 at age nearly eighty-six, a stream of visitors beat a path to the door of the woodsman's Missouri home—"induced by curiosity to visit this extraordinary person."

"Seeing strangers approaching," the aged frontiersman would, as his son Nathan recalled, "take his cane and walk off to avoid them," but if cornered, he usually agreed to talk. "Though at first reserved and barely answering questions," remembered one such visitor, Boone "soon became communicative, warmed up, and became animated in narrating his early adventures in the West."

"Many heroic actions and chivalrous adventures are related of me," the modest living legend would declare, "yet I have been but a common man."

Both extraordinary and common—this is but one of many paradoxes that distinguish the life and character of Daniel Boone, the prototype in American lore of the wilderness-ranging frontiersman. Contradictions—both within Boone himself and between the man and the legend that grew to overshadow him—abound:

Within his own lifetime Boone was elevated to near-mythic stature as a renowned hunter and Indian fighter. Yet he had been raised to honor a code of Quaker tolerance, and he objected to his notoriety for Indian-killing.

Boone was a devoted son, husband, and father, and throughout his life he treasured a close-knit community of kith and kin. Yet he often left home and family for months (even years) at a stretch to hunt and trap in the solitude of the western forests—in the process acquiring a reputation as a "natural man" of the woods or misanthrope who longed for "elbow room."

Boone was a courageous frontier leader of the American Revolution; yet many fellow officers and soldiers suspected him of harboring loyalty to the crown and treasonous sympathy for England's Native American allies.

And, though Boone described himself as a simple woodsman, in midlife he strove mightily to transform himself into a man of property and standing.

These contradictions may be explained in part both by the scanty documentary record of the frontiersman's life and by the extent to which the real Boone quickly became obscured by folklore and legend. Fundamentally, however, the complexity of Boone's character itself was what allowed Americans

This article is based on the author's research for *Daniel Boone: The Life and Legend of an American Pioneer*, just published by Henry Holt and Company, 115 West 18th Street, New York, New York 10011 (418 pages, illustrated, $27.50). Copyright 1992 by John Mack Faragher.

OPPOSITE: ONLY KNOWN LIFE-PORTRAIT OF DANIEL BOONE, BY CHESTER HARDING (1820, DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL); COURTESY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BOSTON, GIFT OF GEORGE T. BIGELOW.





"We found everywhere abundance of wild beasts of every sort, through this vast forest. The buffalo were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements."

to imagine him in so many guises.

The quintessential frontier hero was born on October 22, 1734 in a log house in the upper Schuylkill River valley of Pennsylvania. The son of English Quaker emigrants—Squire and Sarah Morgan Boone—he grew up surrounded by family. The farm of his father was bounded by the land of Daniel's aunts and uncles, and nearby was the stone house and gristmill of his grandfather, the patriarch of the clan and local justice of the peace. The Boones were prominent members of the Society of Friends in the township of Exeter, and Squire was an overseer of the brownstone meeting house, situated on land donated by the family. Here Daniel was, in the words of his son Nathan, "reared under the peaceful influence of the Quaker faith."

Family stories depict a happy household that included eleven rambunctious children. Sixth-born Daniel was responsible for his share of pranks—including dismantling meddlesome neighbors' wagons and hanging the wheels from barn roofs or treetops.

When Squire Boone felt compelled to discipline his boys for such misdeeds, his policy was to beat them only until their first cry, then put down his rod to reason with them, Quaker fashion. But the technique never worked with Daniel, who always endured his punishment in silence. One old tale has Squire, "wishing to gain his point in government," appealing to Daniel: "'Canst thou not beg?' But he could not beg, leaving his anxious parent to close the matter at his pleasure."

Thus the stubborn youth missed the opportunity for his father's embrace—an estrangement that in later years would haunt him. After Squire's death in 1765, Daniel frequently dreamed of his father. On several occasions he imagined an angry confrontation with no reconciliation; disaster, he told his children later, invariably followed these visions.

Daniel came by his independent streak quite naturally; his father was equally stubborn and headstrong. In 1747 the Exeter Quaker meeting reprimanded Squire for allowing his eldest son to marry a "worldling"—the second instance in which one of his children had wed outside the circle of Friends. Previously the senior Boone had promised "to be more careful for the future," but this time he was defiant. After repeated attempts to bring Squire "to a Sense of his Error," the meeting finally expelled him.

CUMBERLAND FALLS, KENTUCKY; PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MUENCH, FROM H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS, PHILADELPHIA.



Squire Boone's withdrawal from the central institution of community life surely wrought considerable conflict for Daniel, who continued to attend Quaker meetings with his mother. But Squire's defiance encouraged Daniel's own quest for independence. Boone once professed that he had "always loved God ever since I recollect," but after his youth he never again joined a church.

In addition to raising a large brood of children, Daniel's Welsh mother Sarah Morgan Boone managed the family garden, hen house, and dairy. One of Boone's fondest memories of his childhood was of spending each "grass season" with her at a distant pasture, tending the cows while she milked and churned, then listening to her sing before the open fire. He fashioned a wooden shaft that he called his "herdsman's club," and with it killed small game for their supper.

Those memorable sojourns molded Boone's life course. His "love for the wilderness and hunter's life," Daniel later stated, began with "being a herdsman and thus being so much in the woods." Growing increasingly fond of solitude, he took to remaining at the meadow after his mother returned home with her season's bounty of butter and cheese.

When Boone was twelve or thirteen, his father gave him a "short rifle gun." Roaming pasture and wood, the youth developed into an excellent marksman. It was common for him to be gone for several days, then to appear at the cabin door with meat enough to supply the family for a week. Thus did the strapping boy find resolution for his adolescent tensions, spending less time at home where the strong wills of father and son collided, and more time in the woods, a domain he identified with his beloved mother.

In those years, the Pennsylvania backcountry was the most peaceful of North American frontiers. Quaker authorities organized no militia or army, negotiated with indigenous peoples over the titles to land, and promised natives "the full and free privileges and Immunities of all the Said Laws as any other Inhabitants." Attracted by these policies, a number of Native American groups, whose homelands had been disrupted by the reverberating effects of colonization, relocated to Penn's Woods. Numerous communities of Delawares, Shawnees, and other native peoples settled within twenty or thirty miles of the Boone farm. Grandfather Boone often befriended na-

Beginning the westward-leading adventures that in time would elevate him to near-mythic stature, Daniel Boone in 1769 left his North Carolina farm and crossed the Appalachian Mountains on a hunting and scouting expedition. After finding their way through the Cumberland Gap, the woodsman and his five companions descended the western side of the range and then, "from the top of an eminence, we saw the beautiful level of Kentucke." The fateful moment later was re-created on canvas (above) by frontier artist William T. Ranney. Boone would devote most of the next decade to establishing a foothold for his family and other white settlers in this fertile land of buffaloes and bluegrass.

"DANIEL BOONE'S FIRST VIEW OF KENTUCKY" BY WILLIAM T. RANNEY (OIL ON CANVAS, 1849); COURTESY OF THE ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION, DENVER.



Within Boone's own lifetime, folklore and legend began to overshadow the real man. Paintings on this and the opposite page reflect some of the different ways Americans have viewed the archetypal frontier hero during his time and since. George Caleb Bingham's mid-nineteenth-century work, above, showing Boone escorting settlers through the Cumberland Gap, portrays him, according to art historian J. Gray Sweeney, as "an American Moses . . . No other work . . . contributed more to establishing Boone as the quintessential symbol of westward expansion." Thomas Cole's 1826 painting, opposite, pictures Boone as an aged misanthrope retreating to the wilderness—a concept already current during the woodsman's life and one that he found abhorrent. A more recent work by Victor Nehlig (right), showing Boone's futile attempt to defend his son Israel during the 1782 battle of Blue Licks, reminds us of Boone's popular image as an Indian fighter—another concept that the woodsman sought to discourage.



TOP:"DANIEL BOONE ESCORTING SETTLERS THROUGH THE CUMBERLAND GAP" BY GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM (1851-52); COURTESY OF THE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY GALLERY OF ART, ST. LOUIS, GIFT OF NATHANIEL PHILLIPS. BOTTOM: PAINTING BY VICTOR NEHLIG; COURTESY OF THE FILSON CLUB, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.



tive hunters who passed through the neighborhood, and Daniel had ample opportunity to see and meet the peoples of many tribes.

In this mixed cultural world young Boone found his teachers in woodcraft—both Europeans and Native Americans—who instructed him in the hunting way of life. On the frontier, males of both native and European cultures sought meat, hides, and furs for subsistence and trade, while the women raised corn and tended hogs and cattle. The American long rifle, developed by the German gunsmiths of southeastern Pennsylvania, served both cultures as well, as did native calls, disguises, decoys, surrounds, and fire hunts. Hunters adopted a composite of frontier clothing: deerskin moccasins, breechclouts, and leggings in combination with linen hunting shirts and beaver hats. Although some Americans wore fur caps, Boone despised their uncouth look and always stuck with his Quaker-style beaver.

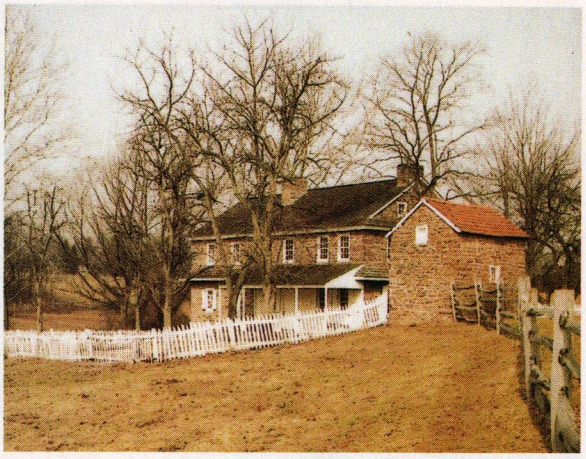
Boone made this way of life his own during his youth in Pennsylvania, growing in his understanding of the ways of the woods and native culture. But he retained a Quaker approach: "Always meet [Indians] frankly and fearlessly," he advised, and "by kind acts and just treatment, keep on the friendly side of them." This simple code of conduct, he declared, insured that when forced to "seek refuge with my deadliest foes and trust to their magniminity," his native hosts would be "kind and generous in their intercourse with me."

In 1750, soon after his expulsion from the meeting, Squire Boone moved his family south, seeking good land on which to settle his

Within the span of his own lifetime, Boone the man began to be overshadowed by Boone the legend.

"DANIEL BOONE AT HIS CABIN AT GREAT OSAGE LAKE" BY THOMAS COLE (1826); COURTESY OF THE MEAD ART MUSEUM, AMHERST COLLEGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Landmarks trace the cradle-to-the-grave journey of the restless, wilderness-loving wanderer—from a Pennsylvania farmhouse to a Kentucky hillside.









TOP: COURTESY OF PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL AND MUSEUM COMMISSION, HARRISBURG, AND DANIEL BOONE HOMESTEAD, BIRDSBORO, PENNSYLVANIA. CENTER: COURTESY OF THE KENTUCKY DEPARTMENT OF PARKS. BOTTOM LEFT: COURTESY OF CARLISLE-NICHOLAS COUNTY TOURISM, CARLISLE, KENTUCKY. BOTTOM RIGHT: PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. SCOTT, FROM H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS.

children and grandchildren. Daniel acted as hunter and guide as the family followed the Virginia Road down the Shenandoah Valley, the first of many highways that would lead Americans to the beckoning western country.

Daniel by now had nearly attained his adult stature and physique—five-feet-eight-inches in height, with broad shoulders and chest, muscular arms, and thick legs. A friend later described him as "a sort of pony-built man," a bit undersized but as strong as a horse. He bore pronounced facial features: a high forehead and heavy brow, prominent cheekbones, a tight wide mouth, and long, slender nose. He inherited his father's penetrating blue-gray eyes and ruddy complexion, but had his mother's dark hair, which he always kept "plaited and clubbed" in Native American fashion.

Within a year or two, the Boones were plowing the red clay at the Forks of the Yadkin River in North Carolina. But this agrarian life held few attractions for Daniel. "He never took any delight in farming," recalled a nephew, and Boone himself admitted to his children that while working his father's fields he would pray for rain, and if the storms came, he grabbed his rifle and headed for the woods—"and though the rain would cease in an hour, yet he was so fond of gunning, he would be sure to remain out till evening."

By age eighteen Boone had become a professional hunter, and during the next several years he established a reputation as a marksman. Legend claims that Bear Creek on the Yadkin took its name from the season Daniel shot ninety-nine bears along its waters; he and a companion also are credited with once downing thirty deer between sunup and sundown. The young woodsman competed eagerly at shooting matches, always scoring and sometimes employing his favorite trick shot in which he used only one of his powerful arms to support and fire his long rifle. Then, as one woman recalled, he would strut before the other competitors, "pat them on the shoulders, and tell them they couldn't shoot up to Boone."

When war threatened between England and France, twenty-year-old Boone signed on as a teamster with a military company headed north to join British General Edward Braddock. On July 9, 1755, near present Pittsburgh, French and Native American forces ambushed Braddock's column, killing or wounding more than nine hundred of the nearly fourteen hundred British and American troops. Steadying his team at the rear, Boone heard the cry of battle and saw men falling; with the panicked retreat of the survivors he jumped onto his lead horse, slashed its harness free, and galloped away in terror.

An equally perilous encounter took place only a day or two later, when Boone made his way back alone to his Quaker relations in Exeter. As the woodsman crossed the bridge over the gorge of the Juniata River, a big, inebriated Native American suddenly confronted him. "He drew his knife on me," Boone remembered years later, "flourishing it over his head, boasting that he had killed many a Long Knife, and would kill some more on his way home." Unable to avoid a fight as the man lurched toward him, Boone drove his shoulder under his assailant's ribs, catapulting him off his feet and over the side of the bridge to the jagged rocks forty feet below.

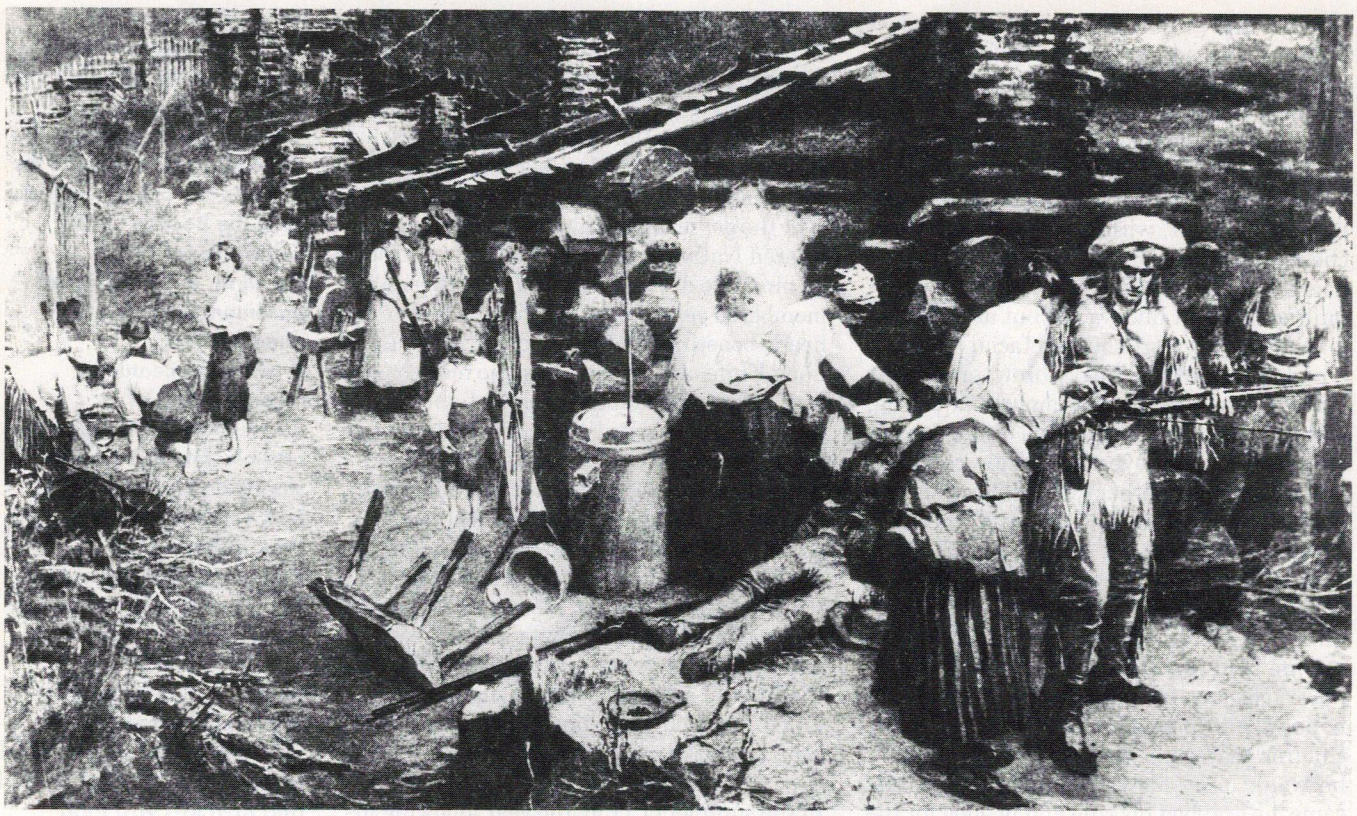
Boone related this tale to an admiring group of visitors shortly before his death. In truth, he complained of his reputation as an Indian fighter, "I never killed but three," of which the man lying dead on the rocks was the first. "I am very sorry to say that I ever killed any," he said, "for they have always been kinder to me than the whites."

In the summer of 1756, the year following his return from the war, Boone began to court his future bride. Although no likeness of Rebecca Bryan Boone exists, contemporary descriptions endow her with jet-black hair and dark, penetrating eyes. Rebecca made her first appearance in Boone folklore as "a buxom daughter," and one of her nephews called her "a rather over common sized woman." In fact, in midlife Rebecca stood nearly as tall and broad as her husband, and she could handle a gun or an axe as well as many men. Yet Boone always called her "my little girl," reflecting back, perhaps, on his first sight of her when she was scarcely fifteen.

Boone likely won his future bride's devotion in part through his wit. In one family tale, Daniel, in order to demonstrate his skills as a provider, brings a deer to Rebecca's house. He dresses the carcass outdoors while she cooks him a first meal at the hearth. Without thought, the young hunter then joins the family at the table, his shirt still bloody from his task. The daughters of the relatively well-to-do Bryans ridicule the suitor for this social blunder, but according to the story Boone quickly evens the score by examining his cup and declaring, "You, like my hunting shirt, have missed many a good washing."

Daniel was twenty-one and Rebecca seventeen when the couple married in August 1756. When they took up residence in a cabin owned by Daniel's father, Rebecca found her-

An eighteenth-century residence (opposite page, top) marks the site of Daniel Boone's birthplace near Reading, Pennsylvania. The stone structure replaced the family's log cabin sometime after the Boones' 1750 departure for North Carolina, but the original basement and spring remain intact.
A twentieth-century reconstruction of Boonesborough's log cabins and blockhouses (center) stands on high ground in Fort Boonesborough State Park at Richmond, Kentucky, near the site of the original settlement that the woodsman helped to establish in 1775.
Nearly a quarter-century after his Boonesborough adventures, the disillusioned frontiersman, having gained and then lost vast land holdings in Kentucky, built and occupied a small cabin (bottom left) near Carlisle, Kentucky where he resumed the life of a hunter before once again migrating west.
A stone monument on a hillside overlooking the state capitol in Frankfort, Kentucky (bottom right) marks the site of Daniel Boone's supposed remains—moved from the family graveyard in Warren County, Missouri in 1845.



Boonesborough, the Kentucky River settlement that Boone helped to establish, became the focal point of the most controversial episode in the woodsman's life in 1778 when he was captured by a Shawnee war party and then surrendered his twenty-nine-man saltmaking party to divert attention from the weakly defended outpost. After being adopted by his Native American captors and remaining with them for several months, Boone escaped just in time to warn Boonesborough's inhabitants of a planned Shawnee attack. He led the successful defense of the fort during the eleven-day siege that followed (above), but despite official vindication for his conduct was never fully able to overcome settlers' suspicions that he had been too friendly with the Shawnees and their British allies.

self mistress of a household that included two of Boone's orphaned nephews. The couple's firstborn, a son, arrived nine months later.*

For the first seventeen years of their lives together, the Boones lived in obscurity in the Yadkin valley of North Carolina. To support his growing family, Boone intensified his hunting and trapping, each winter going on a "long hunt" for deerskins and beaver pelts, and gradually shifting his range westward to the Blue Ridge mountains and the valleys beyond. Frequently he was joined by other men from the Yadkin country, but Boone preferred hunting by himself. He would construct a little "half-faced camp"—a three-sided shanty covered with brush, with the open end facing the campfire—and there take his evening meals. He usually carried a Bible, or a book of history (which he loved), or *Gulliver's Travels* (his favorite), to read by the firelight. Then he bedded down on a cushion of hemlock or dried leaves, his feet toward the fire to prevent the rheumatism that constantly plagued old hunters, leaving his moccasins tied to his gun, which stood primed and ready.

Boone's love of solitude later was criticized as evidence of an antisocial nature. The woodsman's family responded defensively. "His wanderings were from duty," declared a niece after his death; "no man loved society better, nor was more ardently attached to his family." Rebecca, eulogized a granddaughter, was "the Companion of his toils, Pleasures, Sorrows for more than a half century," and Daniel "hardly Could live without her."

But outside the family others wondered why, if Boone could not live without Rebecca, he insisted on roaming away from her and the children for such long periods. After Daniel completed the spring plowing, it was Rebecca and the children who cropped the farm while he hunted. His neighbors whispered that Boone "wouldn't live at home" because he "didn't live happily with his family, [and] didn't like to work."

This gossip found a focus in an oft-repeated story that during one of Boone's long absences Rebecca bore an illegitimate child. When the woodsman returns home, so goes the tale, Rebecca meets him at the cabin door, weeping. "What's the matter," asks Boone. "You were gone so long," she replies, "[that] we had supposed you dead." In her sorrow Rebecca has found company with another man, and now there is a new baby in the house. "Oh well,"

*During the first quarter-century of the couple's marriage, Rebecca delivered ten children—six sons and four daughters. When the oldest children married, they often lived in Rebecca's household, adding grandchildren to the brood already in her care. And, following the death of Rebecca's widowed brother, the Boones also adopted and raised six more nephews and nieces.

H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS, PHILADELPHIA.

Boone is said to have responded after a pause, "the race will be continued."

But that is only part of the confession: Rebecca admits that the baby's father is Boone's own brother—he "looked so much like Daniel," she confesses, that she "couldn't help it." This revelation, too, Boone is said to have taken in stride: "So much the better. It's all in the family."

The story cannot be taken as gospel, but combined with other circumstantial evidence it lends credence to the speculation that the Boones' daughter Jemima was conceived in 1762, when Daniel was absent on a two-year hunting and exploring expedition. This and other versions of the tale charitably conclude not by slandering the character of either Rebecca or Daniel, but instead by sympathizing with the plight of frontier women and by portraying Boone as a man of deliberation, slow to anger and ready to forgive.

In 1769, when Boone was in his mid-thirties, he led five other hunters across the Appalachian Mountains and into present-day Kentucky. In the Yadkin valley, as one of Boone's nephews put it, "game [had begun] to be scarce and harder to take." Like other hunter/farmers of his time and place, Boone required a freehold of fertile land large enough to settle his children and near enough to rich hunting territory to enable him to make his living. This long hunt, then, was also a land hunt.

After crossing the mountain barrier, Boone climbed a hill and "saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke," a fertile land of cane and clover, with forests where "we found everywhere abundance of wild beasts of every sort." It was exactly the kind of place for which he had been searching.

From their very first movement into Kentucky, however, the hunters were opposed by the Shawnees, who after their sojourn in Pennsylvania had returned West to farming communities north of the Ohio River. A Shawnee party discovered Boone and his companions with a six-months' accumulation of deerskins and confiscated the entire cache, as well as their horses and supplies. Probably because of Boone's straightforward manner, the Shawnees released the intruders unharmed, but left them with a warning: "Now brothers, go home and stay there. Don't come here any more, for this is the Indians' hunting ground, and all the animals, skins, and furs are ours. And if you are so foolish as to venture here again, you may be sure the wasps and yellowjackets will sting you severely."

Boone ignored the admonition. Instead, he and his brother-in-law pursued the natives and stole back their horses—only to be recaptured. Finally they succeeded in escaping, but several weeks later Boone's companion disappeared, presumably the victim of native retribution.

Still Boone refused to leave Kentucky. Joined by his younger brother Squire Boone, Jr., the woodsman hunted and explored the region until the spring of 1771. But during their return east the brothers were overwhelmed by yet another party of Native Americans, who again relieved the hapless hunters of their catch.

Despite these setbacks, Boone returned to Kentucky during the winter of 1772-73. This time he found that he was not the only white visitor. Virginia land speculators had dispatched agents to survey large parcels along the Ohio River, and at least two parties found their way to the Kentucky River country where Boone had established his base camp. No white American, however, knew the region as well as Boone. When he recrossed the mountains in the spring, he knew that a western land rush was imminent, and he resolved that his family would be among the first settlers.

The following fall of 1773, Boone led the first attempt to plant an American settlement in Kentucky. The party of forty or fifty immigrants, including Rebecca and the children, brother Squire's family, and several members of the Bryan clan, traveled by pack train over the roughest of mountain trails. They got only as far as the white-cliffed eastern entrance to the Cumberland Gap, where natives ambushed the men herding cattle at the rear of the march, killing six, including the Boones' oldest son James, only sixteen.

Boone "felt worse than ever in his life," and the attack "discouraged the whole company." Concluding that it was too dangerous to proceed, the pioneers retreated back to the settlements of southwest Virginia. The encounter was the opening shot of what became known as Lord Dunmore's War, during which Boone distinguished himself as a popular leader of the Virginia defense against Mingo and Shawnee attacks.

A published report of the incident at the Cumberland Gap marked the first time Boone's name appeared in print. Soon it would be linked indelibly with the American struggle to wrest Kentucky from the Shawnees, a war that would continue for more than twenty years and claim the lives of thousands on both sides—including Boone's

Continued on page 66

Seven months before America's formal entry into world conflict, this American nurse—en route to volunteer service in England—experienced the ultimate wartime disaster at sea.

Torpedoed!

by M. Marian McGill Wood

Facing a nearby tanker, the *Maasdam*'s captain stood up in the lifeboat, cupped his hands around his mouth, and shouted repeatedly, "Throw us a line! We're sinking!" Water rising inside our leaking craft now reached to within four inches of the gunwales, making it impossible to row. Then an eight-foot wave swamped the boat, filling it to the brim and sweeping me and several other occupants overboard into the angry sea.

In the gathering twilight, with only twelve inches of my body above the surface, the surrounding ocean seemed limitless. Rain pelted down; waves repeatedly dashed over me; and the chilly waters of the North Atlantic left me numb. With each passing minute the situation seemed to grow more desperate, and hope of rescue diminished.

Finally I thought that the end had come and that soon it would all be over. I wished I could tell my family that I didn't mind dying and that I had not suffered. Thus reconciled to my fate, I soon sensed that—amazingly—my pounding heart was slowing to its normal beat. Better to go this way than to panic and thrash against the inevitable.

On June 16, 1941 I had sailed in a convoy from Halifax, Nova Scotia, bound for England aboard the SS *Maasdam*, a Dutch ship in Allied service. Warships, planes, and submarines escorted us from the harbor. It took some time for the vessels to line up in their assigned positions in the huge formation. We were the second ship in the seventh lane.



The *Maasdam*'s passenger list comprised an interesting assortment. I was one of a group of sixteen nurses and a housemother who were en route to war-beleaguered England to help establish a one-hundred-bed communicable disease hospital. The project was entirely American-backed, with all doctors, nurses, technicians, and support personnel recruited in the United States. The project's sponsors had even provided all of the necessary equipment and supplies—including the twenty prefabricated hut-like buildings that would comprise the field hospital.

A contingent of U.S. Marines and their commanding officer also were on board, bound for London where they were to provide protective services for the U.S. Embassy. With them they brought enough supplies and vehicles to support fifty men for six months.

A British businessman, a New York merchant, a Frenchman en route to join the Free French forces in England, and a Royal Air Force enlisted pilot from Canada completed our passenger list.

Below in the hold the *Maasdam* carried $7 million in war-related cargo of vital importance for England and the war effort.

After leaving Halifax, we encountered five days of fog, during which some ships collided or became separated from the convoy and returned to port. Eventually, the *Maasdam* held the first position in the ninth or outside lane.

Congeniality and sociability prevailed among the passengers from the beginning, with everyone quickly becoming acquainted over late evening sandwiches and beer.* The *Maasdam*'s small, crowded lounge soon became the social center of the vessel. Its two tables were continuously occupied by card players. Fraternizing passengers made dates for morning coffee, afternoon tea, a ping pong or shuffleboard game, or just to sit together on the deck in the passageway and talk. Saltwater flirtations and shipboard romances flourished.

Because floating garbage might enable German submarines to track down and attack the convoy, nothing could be

*The head steward constantly complained about how fast the beer was going. He had started the voyage with six thousand bottles, but after only eight days two thousand had been consumed. "I'll be short going back," he lamented. As things turned out, he need not have worried.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR.

thrown overboard, and bagged trash accumulated in the passageways. The portholes had to be blacked out at night. No smoking was permitted on deck. No radios were allowed.

The third day out we barely missed colliding with an English tanker that suddenly appeared out of the fog directly ahead of us. Steering clear of her caused the *Maasdam* to lose track of the formation in the mist. Our ship whistled and whistled but raised no response from the convoy. It was an uncomfortable feeling being alone in that vast, hostile ocean. For a time the rumor circulated that we, too, would have to return to Halifax, but finally we regained our place in the convoy.

Each night I slept with a flashlight under my pillow and with my money and passport pinned securely to my nightclothes. I laid out a set of clothing ready for instant donning. My "submarine" bag was just a reach away. The cabin door remained fastened open at all times per instructions.

On the seventh night at about 11 P.M. a Dutch steward informed us to "go to your cabins and put on your warmest clothing and your life jackets. One of the ships has been torpedoed."

We sat in the passageway for more than an hour. Finally dismissed to our cabins, we were told to remain fully dressed. Attacks by enemy submarines promised to be a constant threat for the rest of the voyage.

Later we learned that the ship that had been torpedoed carried ten American nurses bound for the same English hospital to which we had been assigned. Four were picked up by an American destroyer after twelve days in a lifeboat, and two others arrived in Ireland after nineteen days adrift at sea. The remaining four nurses were never heard from again.

Rough seas prevailed during the next twenty-four hours. I feared that the lifeboats never could be launched in such a storm. The fourth officer consoled me by saying that submarines could not attack us in rough water either. I hoped that he spoke truthfully.

On the ninth night at about 10 P.M. we heard the terrifying thuds of exploding depth charges. Another ship in the convoy had been torpedoed and sunk, and our escort ships were attempting to retaliate. Additional naval escorts and long-range scouting planes arrived the following day to increase our protection.

On that day, June 26, the weather grew more disagreeable, with a strong, cold wind and a lowering sky that threatened rain. It occurred to me that I'd hate to be out in a lifeboat in this weather. At around 9 P.M.we got word that yet another ship had been torpedoed. Far to our rear, billows of black smoke rose above the sinking vessel. Three naval escorts approached the site and a patrol plane flew in low circles overhead. From the *Maasdam*'s deck we watched grimly while the convoy continued on as if nothing had happened. We knew that convoy rules forbade a ship to stop for rescue.

Suddenly the *Maasdam* lurched to starboard and then trembled violently to the gut-wrenching sound of breaking wood. We all immediately realized that our ship, too, had been torpedoed. The engines stopped abruptly, the whistle blasted, and the siren wailed. Our location: 60 degrees north latitude.

"Well," said the Marine major, "I guess that's ours."

I ran to my cabin to grab a steamer rug and my overnight bag. While there, I heard a terrific explosion and the loud sound of splintering wood. Fearing that the ship was breaking apart, I ran for the deck. Just as I reached the top of the short stairs, I saw the ship directly behind us rise out of the sea and then make a smooth, graceful dive back into the water. The sight was almost illusionary. By the time I set foot on the deck the number-two position in the ninth lane was just a blank space, with the empty sea showing no evidence that a ship had just exploded and sunk there.

Torpedoed immediately after the *Maasdam*, the cargo ship behind us had carried a full load of munitions. The attack set the ammunition ablaze, leading to a tremendous explosion that blasted shrapnel onto our ship. The flying debris caught many of the passengers and crew.

Bedlam reigned on the main and boat decks. The third officer, with blood streaming from a forehead gash, was trying to get to his lifeboat. A Marine lay near another lifeboat, with his face distorted in pain and his shoes and ragged pants blood-soaked. Another Marine hemorrhaged from a head wound. A nurse with a blackened face and shredded slacks walked dazedly in circles. Many other passengers and crewmen were stunned or wounded.

Someone opened a medical chest, and I joined the uninjured in administering first aid. Then we helped the wounded into lifeboats.

Debris from the exploding munitions ship had damaged two of the *Maasdam*'s six lifeboats beyond use. The remaining four boats had to accommodate the entire crew and passengers.

My lifeboat hung to the rear on the starboard side. A heavy shower began just as we loaded, and I wished that I had brought my raincoat. One of my roommates sat beside me, and I put my steamer rug around the two of us.

The crewmen and passengers in the lifeboat ahead of us lowered away with great difficulty. It appeared as if the boat—lurching downward first at the bow and then at the stern—might drop its occupants into the sea at any moment. Boat and passengers finally hit the water with a splash, and while the crew attempted to cut the lines free a wave slammed the fragile craft against the *Maasdam*'s hull. As they pushed away, the boat was almost capsized by a wave before finally gaining stability. The other two boats experienced similar difficulties.

Our lifeboat was the last to be lowered away, its crew having waited for the captain, first and fourth officers, and other latecomers. After watching the other crews struggle to lower their lifeboats, I dreaded what might happen to us. But because the *Maasdam* now had begun to list badly, I nevertheless wished the men would hurry. I couldn't help thinking that "this ship is going over on its side. If we don't get down, it'll catch us as it goes over."

Despite the fear and confusion, everyone in the boat appeared amazingly calm. After a delay with the winches we lowered away, cut the lines, and pushed off.

As we cleared the *Maasdam*, we could see another ship slowly sinking astern of us—the third victim of German torpedoes. The nearest available rescue ship was a large tanker that had stopped because its course was obstructed by the sinking ships.

"Shall we row for it?" asked the Fourth Officer. The captain decided to

The waves increased in size and force; and darkness began to fall. As we bobbed in the Icelandic waters, chilled and numbed, I wondered if we could hold out much longer.

try. In the fast-fading twilight, we shifted seats to accommodate the rowers, then set out for the tanker. The sea was rough and the boat loaded to capacity. Two men worked at each oar. Shortly, one of the oars broke. A crewman unlashed a spare, but by this time the damaged craft was beginning to fill with seawater, and continued efforts at rowing achieved diminishing progress.

Soon our biggest problem was the water in the boat. We began to bail—but the seawater seemed to run in a hundred times faster than it could be dipped out. Out went the casks of drinking water; the cans of bread; every excess item to lighten the load. But the water still rose—first to our ankles, then our knees, then to our waists and higher. Finally, further rowing became impossible. We were in serious trouble. The captain called out to the tanker, still some two hundred yards away, for help.

Suddenly a large wave washed over our lifeboat and took most of us with it. Our struggle for survival in the water began, with each person fighting in his or her own way. Some would lose the battle.

By this time most of the convoy had moved out of sight. The tanker was the only haven of safety visible in any direction. Someone shouted, "Swim for it!" But I knew that even with my life vest on I could never swim that distance in the choppy seas.

Everyone in the water but me and one other nurse set out for the tanker. We watched them frantically claw the water, trying to close the intervening distance against a repeated onslaught of waves. Three were women, two of whom I never would see again.

"What do we do now?" the nurse beside me asked.

The first officer, who had managed to remain in the lifeboat when the wave washed others out, heard her. "Hang onto the boat," he called out.

To our surprise we found loops of rope secured to the outside of the lifeboat—at that moment they seemed like sea-based hitching posts. My fingers held onto the lifeline like clenched talons. Although the boat still was swamped, its intact internal buoyancy tanks kept it from sinking.

All this time I stubbornly clutched a red overnight bag in one hand and my purse, containing my money and passport, in the other. I even retrieved a purse floating in the water.

As the waves continued to wash over us, we watched those who were trying to reach the tanker. A rope ladder and a buoy had been lowered from the deck to effect their rescue, but the swimmers' exhausted state and the waves breaking against the side of the tanker made their attempts to climb it futile. A swimmer would start up the ladder, fall back into the water, then try again.

One of the sailors from the tanker came down on a line and tried to carry one of the women upward in his arms, but as they neared the deck she slipped free and fell back into the sea. Watching the attempts was heart-wrenching; those in the water seemed so near to safety and yet so helpless. Distance and the increasing darkness made the people attempting to climb the rope ladder look like bugs on a string.

The rain, which had abated slightly, resumed with a vengeance. The waves increased in size and force; and darkness began to fall. People were still struggling in the water near the tanker. Despite the captain's call for help, we could detect no sign of rescue.

Now additional complications plagued us. The *Maasdam*, listing but still afloat, had begun to drift toward the tanker. To avoid a collision the tanker started its engines and moved out of range. The churning whirlpool from the propeller made a turbulent wake and created a hazard for the swimmers.

After steering clear of the *Maasdam*, the tanker stopped again, now at an even greater distance from us. The grim situation now had become critical. As we bobbed in the Icelandic waters, chilled and numbed, I wondered if we could hold out much longer. How many more waves could we take?

By this time two of the *Maasdam*'s lifeboats had made it to another ship in the convoy, and the third was drawing alongside the tanker. We were at that moment the only ones still in mortal jeopardy.

Then out of the dimness a lifeboat appeared with three sailors on each side rowing in perfect unison. Their yellow, hooded raincoats lent them an eerie appearance. As they rowed toward us, we pointed to the tanker's stern where a number of people thrashed frantically in the water.

The rescue boat picked up the survivors at the tanker's stern and then turned back toward us. Noted our captain as the boat approached, "They're Norwegians." Someone else added, "Viking Gods."

The men who had not been washed out of our lifeboat now were able to pull the other nurse and me out of the water and back into the boat. The rough sea, combined with the weight of our soaked clothing, now complicated our transfer to the rescuers' boat. I somehow managed to cross by jumping while simultaneously being pushed and pulled. During this maneuver I lost my overnight bag but held onto the two purses. Finally, everyone made it into the rescue boat.

Our good fortune continued as a motorized lifeboat now appeared to tow our overladen boat to the tanker. One final hurdle remained: getting from the rescue boat to the tanker's deck in the rough sea. We were too chilled to use the rope ladder hanging from the rail.

Each time a wave pushed the boat upward, rescuers' strong arms reached down in attempts to grasp us. I still clung to the two purses, which I now threw onto the deck to free my hands. A hoist upward finally brought me high over the rail and then down flat onto the deck with a thump. Numb from exposure, I barely felt the impact, but for many days afterward a bruise extending from my left hip to my knee served as a reminder.

A fair-haired steward with a Norwegian accent took my hand and said, "Lady, come into my house." It was the



warmest embrace I have ever received.

Those who had reached the tanker without mishap now helped those of us who had occupied the swamped lifeboat. One of the nurses took me into a cabin, stripped away my wet clothing, and massaged me to raise my body temperature. Then I was wrapped in a blanket and given rum and hot coffee. Complete exhaustion overwhelmed me.

With my warmth finally restored, I donned a motley assortment of donated clothing—sailor pants and shirt, men's shoes and socks, and an oversized overcoat.

A Marine sat down beside me. In soft but direct words he told me, "Your roommate and your housemother didn't make it. They got caught in the propeller when the ship changed position. We knew what happened when we saw shreds of kapok from their life vests floating in the water."

The tanker, accompanied by a destroyer escort, hurried to rejoin the convoy; rumor claimed that the captain, having stopped against orders to effect our rescue, might face reprimand unless he could regain his position in the formation.

Urged to rest, we spent the night wherever room could be found, most of us resting on the deck of the lounge. With our ears to the deck, we were comforted by the steady "tutta tutta tutta" of the engines. Once, however, the sound stopped and everyone sat up abruptly—but the vessel only had slowed to change course.

After heralding the dawn we welcomed the call to breakfast, amazed at the sight of a long table perfectly set. How could anything this well-organized follow so soon after the night's turmoil?

Shortly after breakfast, a terrific explosion brought us to our feet. One of the nurses cried out, "They've got us!" We ran out on deck but an officer gently corralled us back into the deckhouse, assuring us that it was only a depth charge. We knew that a submarine probably lurked nearby because the ship made abrupt course-changes, zigzagging left to right and right to left, leaving behind it a snake-like wake.

In the early afternoon the sun shone for the first time in days; the temperature rose; and the storms abated. We now could see the ship carrying the other *Maasdam* survivors and towing an empty lifeboat. Our accompanying destroyer came alongside and its commander congratulated the tanker's captain for his successful rescue efforts. Soon we hove into view of the rest of the convoy, and the word spread that if all went well, we would regain our convoy position by nightfall.

We learned that our rescue vessel was the SS *Havprins*— "Sea Prince"— and that it was carrying a cargo of highly inflammable aviation gasoline. The tanker was six years old and had lost five sister ships in the Atlantic—all to German torpedoes. When her captain appeared that afternoon, we gathered to express our heartfelt gratitude, to which he modestly replied, "Wouldn't you have done the same thing? I was glad to be able to help you."

The night again brought fear and fitful sleep. Just before dawn broke, a depth charge exploded directly in front of our ship. A vessel in the next lane, even with our stern, shuddered violently and spewed volumes of black smoke; then sank within the space of about three minutes. A loaded lifeboat swung out from the bridge, lowering rapidly. But it never reached the water. The boat was so near that we could count the occupants. We knew none had a chance of survival. We stood aghast and mute, our faces washed with anguish and helplessness.

We were told that danger of submarine attack would continue for a few more days—and that we were also in danger from possible aircraft attacks and mines. Fortunately, we made it safely into the Bristol channel.

Some of us still had our water-soaked passports; a few had no papers at all. In our makeshift outfits we presented a sad, bedraggled appearance to the immigration officer, our first contact, who processed all of us for landing.

Terra firma felt wonderful on this Fourth of July, a day we had good cause to celebrate. But because we had been reported lost at sea, we had to wait a full day for orders from an American office. A local Red Cross representative came in the late afternoon with train tickets for London, where we were met at Paddington Station and happily led away for baths, new uniforms, and a shopping tour.

Some recognition came our way. We walked in the garden of Buckingham Palace with the queen. We had sherry with Winston Churchill. Lady Astor gave us a tea. We were honored guests at a dance.

Although I had survived the ordeal, my frightening memories of the sinking remain with me to this day. And until I lost it years after the perilous trans-Atlantic journey, my salt-laden watch, which had stopped at 10:20 on the night of the torpedo attack, served as a grim reminder of what I had experienced. ★

M. Marion McGill Wood, who for twenty years was associate chief of nursing services for the Veterans Administration's training and development department in Washington, D.C., now works for the National Osteoporosis Foundation.

SS "MAASDAM" SURVIVORS POSE WITH THEIR RESCUERS ABOARD THE SS "HAVPRINS." PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR.



PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE WENDELL L. WILLKIE ARRIVES IN HIS BOYHOOD HOMETOWN OF ELWOOD, INDIANA TO PRESENT HIS ACCEPTANCE SPEECH AS THE REPUBLICAN PARTY'S 1940 NOMINEE. PHOTOGRAPH FROM UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS, NEW YORK CITY.



AMERICAN POLITICS

In 1940 this business magnate and political outsider—supported by a grassroots movement of amateurs—made a run for the presidency that H. Ross Perot might envy.



WILLKIE

by John B. Holway

Nothing exactly like it ever happened before in American politics," reported *Newsweek* magazine. The presidential candidate, a business magnate, "had never held public office or even sought it. Virtually a neophyte in politics, he had entered no primaries, made no deals. . . . His backers were uninitiated volunteers, as strange to the ways of ward bosses and state chairmen as their hero."

These "zealous amateurs," as another analyst called them, "consisted of people all over the country who were wary of the old-type politicians and political hacks and wanted a new face and new blood."

The campaign unfolded amid great "danger and sorrow" overseas and at home. A ruthless foreign dictator ran rampant; unemployment dogged ten million Americans; and the national debt soared to an all-time high. Voters and candidates debated alleged government mismanagement, free trade, tax incentives for business, and a balanced budget.

The "Ross for Boss" campaign of 1992?

No—the "We Want Willkie" blitz of 1940.

Harnessing the same energy and crusading fervor that Texas businessman H. Ross Perot displayed during the early phases of his 1992 bid for the presidency, Wendell L. Willkie more than fifty years earlier offered another model to achieve the same goal. Although he had been both a lifelong Democrat and a political outsider, in 1940 Willkie seized control of the Republican Party in a stunning coup, elbowed its old guard aside, and won the nomination for himself. Willkie subsequently lost to incumbent Franklin D. Roosevelt in the November election, but his formula twelve years later assured General Dwight D. Eisenhower a ride to victory.

Who was this handsome, charismatic dark horse—and how did he surge so dramatically toward the finish line of the nation's highest-stakes race?

Born Lewis Wendell Willkie on February 18, 1892 in Elwood, Indiana, he was the fourth of six extraordinarily bright children of strong-willed parents Herman and Henrietta Willkie (both lawyers), who drove their offspring to aspire to success. While a student, Willkie showed signs of rebellion by espousing socialism and Jeffersonian democracy, among other then-radical ideas. These didn't prevent the brilliant individualist from graduating from law school at Indiana University with an astounding scholastic record.

The young lawyer worked first for the Firestone Tire and Rubber Compa-

WILLKIE CAMPAIGN BUTTON COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF AMERICAN POLITICAL LIFE, UNIVERSITY OF HARTFORD.



chairman of the Travelers Life Insurance Company. A collector who was so well-known that dealers routinely doubled their prices when they saw him coming (he bought constantly anyway), DeWitt bequeathed the treasures to the University of Hartford when he died in 1972 but left no adequate public space to preserve it. It took years to secure nearly $7 million in grants and then plan, design, and equip the state-of-the-art museum in which the collection now resides. And Sullivan has since added, he estimates, "about fifty percent more than we started with." The museum collection, which currently numbers a staggering seventy-five thousand artifacts, now traces the entire history of presidential and issue politics in America, from Federalism to racism, from George Washington to George Bush.

Among the thousands of visitors who already have poured into this fascinating museum are professional politicians themselves. "They've had a grand time," the curator recalls. Former presidential press secretary Pierre Salinger, for example, understandably was fascinated by the John F. Kennedy collection, which includes a large television monitor playing highlights of the 1960 televised debates between Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon. Former Massachusetts representative Thomas "Tip" O'Neill wandered happily through the relics of the era he once dominated from the Speaker's chair on Capitol Hill.

Occasionally, even a living subject of the collection comes here to confront his own history, as happened when 1972 Democratic presidential candidate George McGovern arrived to examine the buttons and posters from his ill-fated campaign against President Richard M. Nixon. Unhappy memories and Watergate echoes notwithstanding, "he had a ball," says Sullivan. Such visits inspired the curator to mount a special exhibition called "They Also Ran," a recollection of losers from early Federalists to Michael Dukakis, all "forever relegated," in Sullivan's words, "to what might have been."

All visitors—regardless of the degree of their own political involvement—will find something here that appeals to their tastes. Exhibit themes range from scholarly interpretations of such issues as

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN MEMORABILIA, CIRCA 1860—A SEGMENT FROM THE MUSEUM'S "HISTORY WALL."

women's rights, black suffrage, and a special recent display focusing on the "Voices of the Left," to a "pop politics" section that, Sullivan laughs, goes "from the tacky to the bizarre" and includes such understandably uncommon and unappreciated relics as a Herbert Hoover doll, Al Smith cigars, "Support Ike" suspenders, and once-popular singer Lynn Moon's all-but-forgotten Jimmy Carter-inspired non-hit recording from 1976: "Peanut Pickin' Politickin' Man."

Lest visitors forget a basic truth—that until recent decades political ephemera was always produced commercially and sold directly to voters (not commissioned by political parties and distributed free, as most of it is today)—Sullivan has included one exhibit that recalls the old manufacturers who specialized in these early artifacts. "Shaller's Patent Zinc Torches" is remembered in an advertisement that spoke to "the campaign trade of 1888." And the Pettibone Campaign Supply Company and "Unexcelled Fireworks Co." highlight the era in which such firms thrived in a politics-mad marketplace. The display recalls the *Harper's Weekly* advertisement published at the peak of the 1864 Lincoln-George McClellan contest, in which one New York supplier offered "Campaign Goods" in "30 varieties, elegant design," including "Campaign Medals and Campaign Pins . . . campaign envelopes, campaign song-books, campaign text-books &c.," celebrating not one but "all the candidates"—for a price.

This display of ribbons, canes, hats, broadsides, scarves, and cartoons boasts a serious and educational side, as well. Professional scholars regard the museum as an irreplaceable research resource and spend days combing through the hundreds of storage drawers and files that fill the museum's climate-controlled basement storage area. ("We're only able to display five percent of our collection at one time," laments Sullivan.)

But educational material delights the non-scholar, too. Here, for example, is a voting booth, open for business to every young visitor who never has had the thrill adults all but take for granted of entering one and pulling the levers. Here is a copy of the long-forgotten political poster that an eleven-



KEROSENE TORCHLIGHTS, A MARCHER'S UNIFORM, AND RELATED MEMORABILIA FROM THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY "TORCHLIGHT PARADE" ERA. PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN LASCHEVER.


JAMESTOWN, N.Y.
CORBIN
CLUB
BRITAIN, CONN.
WE MOURN OUR LOSS
"The Leading Exponent of the Strenuous Life"
Compliments of MOXIE NERVE FOOD COMPANY of New England.
TAMMANY
ASSEMBLY
SILAS C. SWALLOW

year-old upstate New York girl saw one day at a county fair and—finding its portrait of presidential candidate Abraham Lincoln appallingly ugly—then wrote the famous letter requesting that he grow whiskers to improve his appearance (advice that Lincoln took to heart and chin soon thereafter). And here, most enthralling of all, is the centerpiece of the entire museum: its breathtaking History Wall—"two hundred years of campaign history in seventy feet," says Sullivan, "featuring one or more relics for each and every presidential candidate, winners and losers alike, third-party and splinter candidates included . . . just about anyone who ever entertained the notion of running for the White House."

The wall, which took eighteen months to assemble, was created in the form of a seemingly endless display case of campaign memorabilia [see detail opposite and on page 48], above which appear time-line charts and graphics highlighting relevant developments in American and foreign history, new states admitted to the Union, vote tabulations for every presidential election, and the cultural and social trends and landmarks that have corresponded with our frenzied quadrennial bouts of presidential fever. In both breadth and continuity, the wall and case thus offer a sweeping view of American presidential politics from 1789 through 1988 (with plenty of space still left for Bush, Bill Clinton, and H. Ross Perot memorabilia from 1992, as well as might-have-been buttons for Mario Cuomo, Jerry Brown, and Pat Buchanan).

Some of the relics here truly are priceless, such as the delicate John Quincy Adams snuff box and James Madison cup and saucer. Others are eclectic—a miniature Lincoln top hat, a Ulysses S. Grant commemorative whiskey bottle, and the Republican button from 1896 featuring the slogan, "In McKinley we trust, in Bryan we bust."

The array of objects documents not only the history of electoral politics but also the way American use of campaign materials has changed from generation to generation. An early George Washington pin, for example, clearly is a precious, expensive item intended not so much to advertise mere political support for the first president as to express reverence for him. Through the years, as is apparent from the display, objects grew more partisan, less ornate, and more affordable—their messages more biting, their taunting of the opposition more fierce. Part of this trend is attributable to changing tastes; another part to changing technologies that made mass production much simpler (the old campaign ferrotype likeness, for example, was supplanted at the turn of the century by easy-to-produce celluloid buttons with printed images). All these developments—commercial, cultural, and of course political—emerge vividly along this long wall that so effectively showcases memorabilia as history.

Located on the University of Hartford campus, the Museum of American Political Life is open from Tuesday through Saturday, 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Admission is $3 for adults and $1.50 for children and senioir citizens. School and group rates are available. For additional information telephone 203-243-4090 or write to the museum c/o the University of Hartford, 200 Bloomfield Avenue, West Hartford, Connecticut 06117.

For those who have become accustomed to inhaling their politics not from large posters but from small screens, the Museum of American Political Life astutely uses television to present an introduction to the collection—and also to present a history of the electronic medium's relation to, and defining impact on, presidential campaigns.

Visitors can press buttons next to one screen to view noteworthy examples of negative political advertising—everything from 1988 Willie Horton ads to the notorious, path-breaking Lyndon Johnson commercial portraying a little girl calmly picking petals from a flower as a nuclear countdown leads inexorably to an explosion and mushroom cloud that obliterates the child—and perhaps, with her, our innocent illusions about gentlemanly campaigning (or so Barry Goldwater complained loudly in 1964).

Among the other magical television moments captured here is a mortifying but spellbinding 1960 press conference at which President Dwight D. Eisenhower was asked what, if any, ideas then-vice president and Republican White House nominee Richard M. Nixon had contributed to their administration during the previous eight years. In an excruciatingly revealing moment, Eisenhower turns to his questioner and admits: "If you give me a week, I might think of one. I don't remember!" Ike's answer could not have helped Nixon in his razor-close race against John F. Kennedy that year.

"There must be a saner way to elect a president," Sullivan admits of the grueling campaign process so colorfully documented in the museum's collection, "or at least one that is less physically draining and mind-numbing." Like "that other road in the land of Oz," he continues, "the road to the White House is a trap for the unwary, with potential for reason-defying sideshows and awesome feats of the illogical." Still he hastens to point out that there are also "moments that are memorable, that may even go down in history." And many of these moments have been captured inside these four walls.

Thanks to Sullivan and the late J. Doyle DeWitt, visitors can have their memories jogged and their historical funny bones tickled by this stunning, peerless collection of political history, boasting all the scholarship of an archives and all the cluttered fun of a treasure-filled attic.

"Such memories have value to the professional scholar and the curious visitor alike," Sullivan says. "Our artifacts open a valuable window onto the American political experience in all its glory, its passion, its vigor, and its occasional madness. It's a window we need to keep open—because it not only entertains and educates. It illuminates our political process, and may even encourage participation in it."

Two centuries ago, Thomas Jefferson declared that "politics is such a torment that I would advise everyone I love not to mix with it." Fortunately for America, few U.S. leaders, Jefferson included, took the advice. And the evidence is all here. ★

Harold Holzer, former vice president of the New York State Urban Development Corporation and co-author of four books on Abraham Lincoln, is now chief communications officer for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

OPPOSITE PAGE: MEMORABILIA FROM THE WILLIAM MCKINLEY-THEODORE ROOSEVELT PRESIDENTIAL ERA—ANOTHER SEGMENT FROM THE MUSEUM'S "HISTORY WALL." PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN LASCHEVER.

Daunted by Ingrid Bergman's wholesome beauty, Humphrey Bogart wondered whether an audience could believe that "someone like that" could love "someone like me."



As a veteran of numerous anti-hero roles, Humphrey Bogart found himself much at home in the role of cynical, hard-bitten café-owner Rick Blaine (opposite). He worried, however, about how well he would handle his film relationship with radiant Swedish actress Ingrid Bergman (above).

degrees on its behalf. Upon the work of three of them—Julius Epstein, Philip Epstein, and Howard Koch—would rest the main framework of the film.

Early in January 1942, Wallis set studio writers Aeneas McKenzie and Wally Kline to fashion a first draft for the *Casablanca* film script. A few weeks later, to further refine the story, he turned to Julius and Philip Epstein. The twin brothers, with Warner since the mid-thirties, were rated among the best screenwriters in Hollywood. Their deft, colorful touch, as evidenced in their effervescent scripts for *No Time for Comedy*, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, and *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, immediately began to work its magic on *Casablanca*.

Wallis, meanwhile, sent outlines of the story to three directors. Curiously, not one felt impressed enough to take on the project. His fourth overture, to the rambunctious Curtiz, found favor.

Curtiz, a towering, hawk-nosed, broken-English-speaking Hungarian, brought considerable presence to a set. The archetypal Hollywood studio director had turned out forty films for Warner Brothers in ten years, among them *Angels with Dirty Faces*, *Captain Blood*, and *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. He had a reputation for the European touch and for driving himself and others hard on the set.

The Epsteins hardly had begun their work on *Casablanca* when a matter of much larger consequence loomed. Just as war touched the lives of the characters in the motion picture, so did it rouse the dream-factories of Hollywood. Shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor, renowned director Frank Capra began making films for the U.S. Army. Assigned to Washington, D.C., he was about to begin work on *Why We Fight*, a documentary series on the origins of World War II that was destined to become one of Hollywood's most important contributions to the war effort. Capra asked the Epstein brothers, along with several other top screenwriters, to accompany him to the capital for six weeks.

In a recent conversation, Julius Epstein reminisced: "Jack Warner didn't want us to go, war or no war. He wanted to keep *Casablanca* on schedule. He said we couldn't go. We said we were going. The war came first. So we went."

With Wallis's approval, the Epsteins took *Everybody Comes to Rick's* with them. Rising each morning at 6 A.M., they worked on dialogue for the drama for a couple of hours before turning to *Why We Fight*. In this manner, they completed the first forty pages of what was to become a—if not "the"—*Casablanca* script, up to the point at which Ilsa and Laszlo first enter Rick's Café Américain.

Meanwhile, in order to keep the project moving during the Epsteins' absence, Wallis hired screenwriter Howard Koch for help on the troublesome script. The producer wanted "to be on the safe side." Koch, an erudite newcomer famous for his scriptwriting role in Orson Welles's sensational 1938 *War of the Worlds* radio broadcast, already had earned impressive writing credits for *The Sea Hawk*, *The Letter*, and (with John Huston) *Sergeant York*.

The original play was not in the file folder Koch received, so he had no sense of the material from which the Epsteins had started their adaptation. For Koch, it was like "working out a jigsaw puzzle." In his retrospective *Casablanca: Script and Legend*, the writer wryly recalls: "I found myself holding a bag that, while not exactly empty, contained a miscellaneous jumble of characters, ideas for scenes, and atmospheric bits." In his office at the writers' building on the Warner lot, he sharpened his pencils and began to craft *his* version of *Casablanca*.

Koch bore down on Rick's character, sketching in touches of an anti-fascist past: the cafe owner had "run guns to Ethiopia" and "fought against the fascists in Spain." He sketched in "political intrigues with their reference to the world struggle against fascism."

"By March 20, 1942," Wallis recalled, "I had sixty satisfactory pages of script.

During his research for this article, author Edward Oxford examined the successive scripts, memos, contracts, and other surviving documents from the making of *Casablanca*, all preserved in the Warner Brothers archives at the University of Southern California. He also interviewed five participants in the making of the film—screenwriters Julius Epstein and Howard Koch, sound director Francis Scheid, and actors Dan Seymour and Leonid Kinskey.

INTERNATIONAL MUSEUM OF PHOTOGRAPHY AT GEORGE EASTMAN HOUSE, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK. IMAGE COPYRIGHT 1943 BY TURNER ENTERTAINMENT.

On Sundays, Mike Curtiz and the writers [Koch and the Epsteins, now back from Washington] came out to my farm in the San Fernando Valley, and we spread the pages out and tried to combine them into a satisfactory draft."

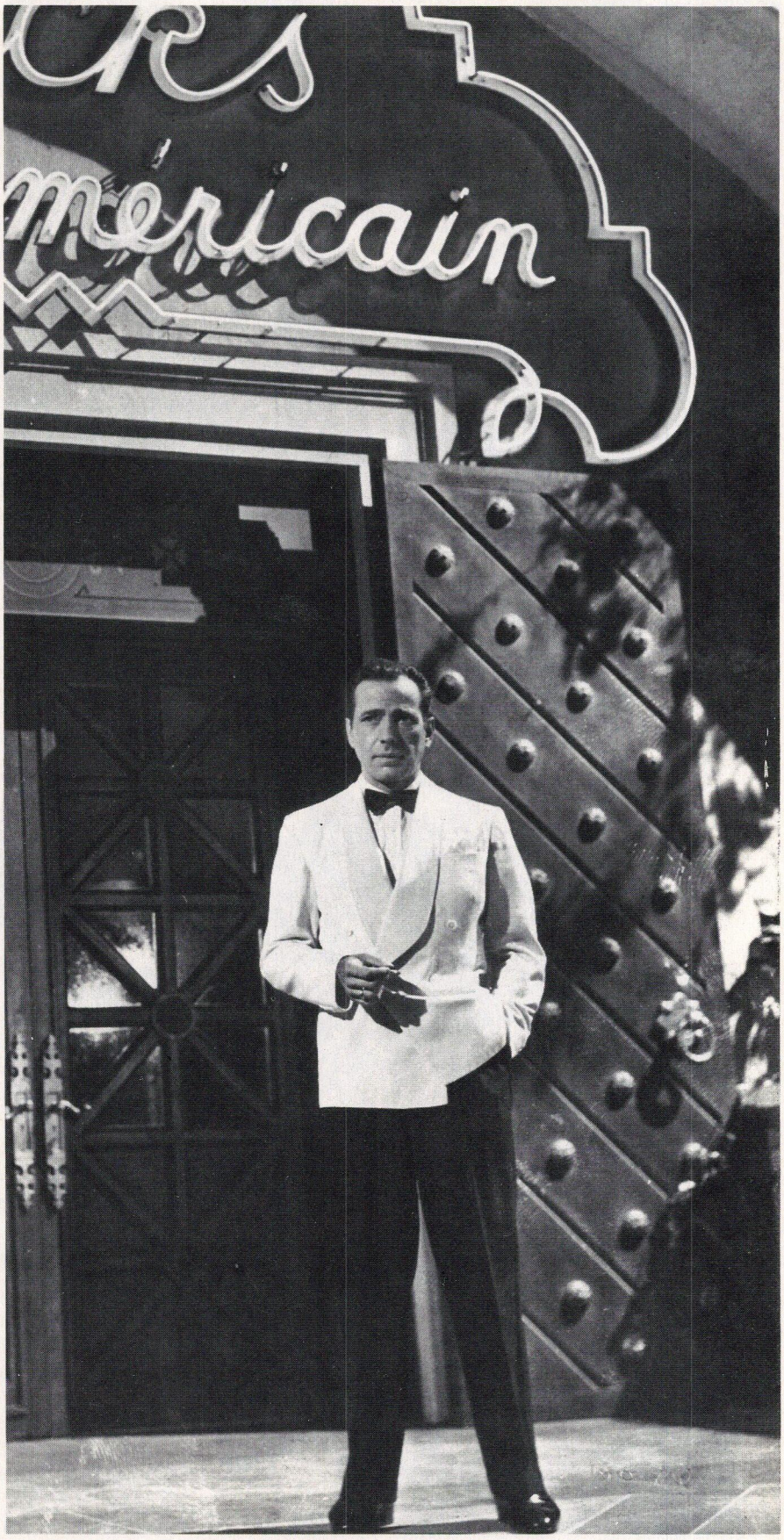
Casting for the film, meanwhile, also demanded Wallis's attention.

On January 5, anxious to spark publicity, Warner Brothers announced in the *Hollywood Reporter* that *Casablanca*, the newest studio property, would feature Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, and Dennis Morgan, all of whom were under contract to the studio. It appears, however, that this was simply Hollywood press agency at work and that none of the three were contenders.

Although Hollywood legend—and even Wallis's autobiography—hold that the producer offered the Rick Blaine role to the popular George Raft, who supposedly turned it down, recent scholarship suggests that Humphrey Bogart, under long-term contract to Warner Brothers, was the only actor seriously considered for the Blaine role. With twenty-one movies for the studio under his belt at age forty-three, Bogart stood poised on the brink of first-magnitude stardom. His most recent films, *High Sierra* and *The Maltese Falcon*, had won critical acclaim. Wallis felt that *Casablanca* would put Bogart at Hollywood's peak.

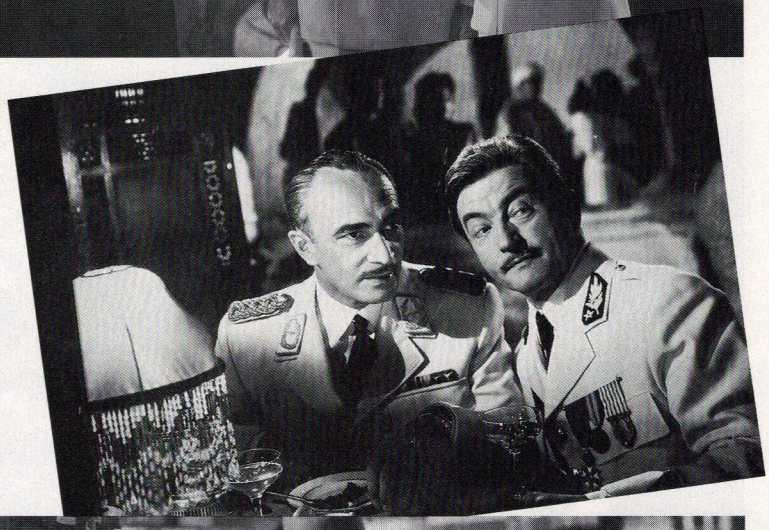
The producer's choice did not please studio head Jack Warner, however, who fumed when he learned that Wallis had selected Bogart as a romantic lead. Warner supposedly muttered, "Who the hell would ever want to kiss Bogart?" The studio chief, however, had been wrong on major casting at least once in the past; he refused to pick up Clark Gable's option because he thought the actor's ears were too big.

As the story line tightened in the hands of the scriptwriters, the character of Rick took on sharper lines. At the same time, Ilsa, a hard-bitten American woman in the original play, became a softer, rather mysterious European woman. The emerging script's Ilsa Lund inspired Wallis to consider Hedy Lamarr, Tamara Toumanova, and Michele Morgan for the part. Finally, however, his thoughts turned to Ingrid Bergman, a rising, radiant Swedish



ARCHIVE PHOTOS, NEW YORK CITY.







star under contract to independent producer David O. Selznick.

Wallis then engaged in delicate star-swapping to sign her. Fortuitously, Bergman wanted to do *Saratoga Trunk*, a Warner Brothers property. She hoped, as well, to play Maria in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—a part for which Paramount soon would be casting. Selznick, in turn, wanted Olivia de Havilland, under contract to Warner, for a picture.

Selznick was a cautious sort. He wanted assurances from Wallis that Bergman, while on loan to Warner, would appear only in a top-drawer motion picture. Wallis, in turn, gave the Epstein brothers the job of proving to Selznick that a truly "great" story awaited the actress. The brothers were at a loss, however, because only about a third of the script had been completed to date. "What will we tell him?" Julius Epstein asked. "Tell him anything, but get Bergman," Wallis insisted. So the Epsteins told Selznick "that *Casablanca* was going to have a lot of schmaltz. Atmosphere, cigarette smoke, guitar music. Mood stuff. That's what he wanted to hear. After a long while Selznick looked up and nodded. Warner Brothers had Bergman."

Selznick agreed to lend Bergman to Wallis for eight weeks for a resounding $60,000. (Of that amount, Ingrid received $25,000. Selznick pocketed the remaining $35,000.) As part of the arrangement, Bergman would land *Saratoga Trunk*, and Selznick also would try to get the actress her dream role in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Selznick thought of Bergman as the "next Garbo." He imposed strictures on how she was to be presented in *Casablanca*. "We could only have her for the agreed time," Wallis related. "Every single decision as to her presentation—hair, makeup, wardrobe—could only be reached after consultation with Selznick."

During the hectic spring months of 1942, the producer filled out the remainder of his cast. His choices proved to be virtually faultless.

For the role of Czech resistance leader Victor Laszlo—the third corner in the film's love triangle—Wallis settled on Austrian-born Paul Henreid over contenders Herbert Marshall, Joseph Cot-

CULVER PICTURES, NEW YORK CITY (TOP); MOTION PICTURE AND TV ARCHIVE, LOS ANGELES (CENTER); ARCHIVE PHOTOS, NEW YORK CITY (BOTTOM).

ten, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. At first reluctant to accept a supporting role in any film (and one he considered weak at that), Henreid finally signed for $25,000—on condition that he receive star billing with Bogart and Bergman.

Elegant British actor Claude Rains, for whom as Captain Renault the Epsteins would create some of *Casablanca*'s wittiest lines, was signed for $4,000 per week. German-born Conrad Veidt, a natural for the role of menacing Nazi Major Strasser, was borrowed from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for $5,000 per week. Hungarian-born Peter Lorre, who already had worked with Bogart on two other films, received $1,750 per week as Ugarte. Urbane British stage actor Sydney Greenstreet, who recently had made his screen debut with a highly praised performance in *The Maltese Falcon*, agreed to play Ferrari at $3,750 per week. Character actor S.Z. Sakall, another Hungarian, was signed on as Carl, the jovial headwaiter at the Café Américain; and Russian-born Leonid Kinskey was chosen to play Sascha, the bartender.

At first, Wallis thought of casting Lena Horne as the black entertainer who plays and sings "As Time Goes By." He also considered Ella Fitzgerald and Hazel Scott for the role. Finally, however, he chose a male performer, Dooley Wilson, who had appeared in the Broadway musical *Cabin in the Sky*. Wilson, on loan from Paramount, garnered $500 per week. (Ironically, the man who so superbly portrayed piano-playing Sam in fact did not know how to play the piano.)

The budget for the production-to-be was set at close to $800,000—twice that of *The Maltese Falcon*—a major outlay in those times. In today's dollars, the cost of making *Casablanca* would equate to roughly thirty million dollars. The cost of the script work alone exceeded $47,000. Director Curtiz rated $73,000. Producer Wallis received $52,000. Humphrey Bogart commanded the top cast figure—$36,000.

"Bogey" found himself quite at home in the role of sardonic, steely-eyed, disillusioned Rick Blaine. The rough-tough performer brought to the set not only impressive acting credentials but also a full share of emotional baggage. A man with a fair-sized drinking problem, he had his own tempestuous moments—sometimes in public, more often than not at "Sluggy Hollow," his West Hollywood home where, Tinseltown tattlers averred, Bogart and his third wife Mayo Methot shouted and socked their way through blurry evenings.

"Bogart is a man with a past," observed critic Andre Bazin of the actor's film persona. "When he comes into a film it is already 'the morning after,' his face scarred with what he has seen, and his steps heavy for all that he has learned. . . ." Bogart's brooding visage played its own powerful part.

With his usual professional intensity, Bogart worried about how, and how well, he would handle his scenes with the somewhat mystical Ingrid Bergman. The actor made it a point to be on the set when his female lead first went before the cameras. He studied her casual and refined manner and style. Under the lights, she had no "bad" side.

Bogart came close to being daunted by the Swedish beauty. He wondered whether an audience could believe that "someone like that" could love "someone like me." The actor later said, "I didn't do anything I've never done before. But when the camera moves in on that Bergman's face, and she's saying she loves you, it would make anybody look romantic."

Unbeknownst to Bogart, the newcomer was every bit as wary of working with him. When Bergman first learned she had the part of Ilsa, she arranged to watch *The Maltese Falcon* over and over—studying Bogart's acting style.

The strikingly attractive young actress managed to hold her own. As Bergman biographer Laurence Leamer

"Casablanca" featured a host of international performers who approached perfection in both casting and performance.



CULVER PICTURES, NEW YORK CITY.

Backing up Bogart and Bergman in a host of superb (and superbly-played) roles were such top-notch performers as Paul Henreid (opposite page, top), Conrad Veidt and Claude Rains (center), Sydney Greenstreet (bottom), and Peter Lorre (above).

Recommended additional reading: *Casablanca: As Time Goes By* by Frank Miller (Turner Publishing, 1992) provides a comprehensive narrative overview of the film's creation, with many excellent illustrations. *Casablanca*, a large-format volume by Marie Cahill (Smithmark, 1991), is notable for its superbly reproduced photographs from the film. *Casablanca: Script and Legend, the Fiftieth Anniversary Edition* by Howard Koch (Overlook, 1992) tells firsthand of the writing of the filmscript, and includes the full shooting script. *The Casablanca Companion* by Jeff Siegel (Taylor, 1992) is a compendium of interesting facts about the classic.



During the past half-century "As Time Goes By" has become indelibly associated with "Casablanca"—yet the song, an old favorite of "Everybody Comes to Rick's" coauthor Murray Burnett, actually derives from a short-running 1931 musical revue. Played by Rick's friend Sam (Dooley Wilson) in La Belle Aurore, above, the haunting tune later provided the focal point for Rick's now-famous (but often misstated) lines to Sam: "You played it for her. You can play it for me. If she can stand it, I can. Play it!"

points out in *As Time Goes By*: "If there is one definition of a great film star, it is that the world is different once he or she appears, different in a way that no one fully comprehends. Which . . . was the way it was when Ilsa makes her entrance. It is as if a ray of light has entered Rick's Café."

In the only film they ever made together, as well as in their past film credits and their respective lives, Bogart and Bergman created a striking pair of opposites. His Rick Blaine is impassive, seemingly cold, secretive. Her Ilsa Lund, in counterpoint, is warm, caring, openhearted.

Bogart's previous film roles had included at least twelve prison terms, nine violent deaths, and give-and-take with the likes of Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, and George Raft. Bergman, by contrast, a gracious beauty in her mid-twenties, had projected more wholesome and alluring personalities in *Intermezzo*, *Rage in Heaven*, and *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde*.

Their perspectives on the art of acting also differed. A graduate of the Royal Swedish Academy, Bergman had been steeped in classical dramatic techniques. Bogart had found his style along the way. "Just *think* it!" he said of acting. "If you *think* it, you'll do it."

Bergman and Bogart's fictive creations reflected their actual lives. Not a "Hollywood type," Bergman avoided drinking, smoking, and noisy clubs. Bogart, to the delight of gossip-columnists, knew hard-drinking ways, nightclubs, and ill-fated loves. A nightclub owner said of him, "Bogart's a helluva nice guy until 11:30 P.M. After that he thinks he's Bogart."

Despite their on-screen incandescence, no off-scene affair between Bogart and Bergman ever materialized. According to the Hollywood grapevine, Methot, as mistrustful of her husband as she was possessive of him, had

ARCHIVE PHOTOS, NEW YORK CITY.

The film's timeless theme song was in fact resurrected from a long-defunct Broadway musical.

threatened to "kill" Bogey if he "fell for" Bergman.

"I had a feeling he was kind of smitten with [Bergman]," claimed Bob William, Bogart's publicist on *Casablanca*. "He was jealous if I would bring anyone on the set to see her. He would sulk." Bogart remained a remote, vaguely dangerous individual. The actress comported herself with reserve. "I kissed him on camera," she said, "but I did not know him at all."

On May 25, with firm admonitions from Wallis to move things along rapidly, filming began on the *Casablanca* set at Warner's Burbank studio lot. Populated as it was by actors and actresses from more than twenty nations, the set quickly became the most cosmopolitan workplace in Southern California. Like the characters in the motion picture, most members of the cast had left fascist, occupied, or besieged countries. Only Bogart and Wilson (like their counterparts Rick and Sam) were homegrown representatives of the Free World.

At times, reality touched fiction. In one of the first scenes filmed—a Paris flashback shot on the studio's "International Street"—Rick and Ilsa are at a café when they hear that the Germans have reached the gates of the city. As the camera rolled, a woman extra in the background unexpectedly began to cry. Curtiz, who had no patience with botchups of any kind, shouted: "I told you look defiant! This not time break down with tears!" A little bearded man, an extra, spoke up: "I am sorry. This is my wife. You see, our home was in Paris. And we went through that awful day." Even the imperious director was subdued.

"Curtiz was marvelous on the visual side of directing," Julius Epstein recalls of the Hungarian filmmaker. "He knew just when the cigarette smoke should curl backwards. But he never learned the English language." Which made for colorful manglings. In explaining one scene to Wallis, for example, the director said: "In front, Greenstreet, Bergman, Bogart. In background, low throbbing of native tom-thumbs!" Whenever Curtiz noticed stagehands loitering together, he would shout: "Stop standing in bundles!" He was so intent on the work at hand that he had to forgo the gala opening of *Yankee Doodle Dandy*—"Vhich," he explained to Wallis, was "the pinochle of my career!"

Wallis once had described the role of producer as "a creator, diplomat, organizer, strategist, planner, businessman, psychiatrist, juggler, midwife, and manager of egos." In the making of *Casablanca*, he proved he was such.

Troubles beset the producer on every side. Shooting commenced with an incomplete cast and with less than half a script in hand. Sets for the Paris sequences disappointed Wallis; art director Carl Jules Weyl had to redo them. Director of photography Arthur Edeson was reprimanded for taking too long with his lighting set-ups. On the eighth shooting day, an interoffice memo noted: "Mike [Curtiz] is two days behind schedule because he is only averaging a page and a half of dialogue a day." Henreid, who arrived on the scene well after shooting began because of his previous commitment to *Now, Voyager*, then fell ill and his doctors ordered him to bed. Somehow, in the midst of the deepening confusion, Curtiz forgot to shoot an entire scene.

As the weeks wore on, patience grew thin among cast and crew alike. Curtiz's notorious temper, especially directed at stagehands, more than once led Bogart, Henreid, and Rains to walk off the set in protest.

Occasionally Bogart, Lorre, or others among the cast sought to relieve the tension with practical jokes. After nine takes in one scene, Claude Rains still had not managed to open a door and dash into the Café Américain to Curtiz's satisfaction. "My dear Mike," asked Rains, "what exactly *do* you want?" "I vant you should come in *faster*," the director said. Curtiz called for Take Ten. When the door swung open, in sped Rains—on a bicycle.

Henreid recalled of the *Casablanca* experience: "Everybody was unhappy. Bogart was moody and hardly said a word to the rest of the cast. Wallis fought with the writers and Curtiz fought with Wallis. We all thought we were heading for the failure of the year."

And so it went for fifty-nine shooting days.

The script—or rather, the constant reworkings of the script—both caused and compounded the chaos. The Epsteins submitted their efforts to Wallis and Curtiz without knowing what Koch had crafted. So also did Koch proceed on his own, without being sure of what the brothers had turned in. Some mornings Curtiz prefaced shooting with an apology to the cast: "Excuse me, I no know what follows and goes ahead. I direct best I know."

Well into the shooting, Wallis summoned yet another top-rated screenwriter, Casey Robinson—at $3,000 a week for two weeks—to etch in a stronger love story. The script became a kind of a rondeau as writers rewrote one another's rewrites. It was, in Koch's words, "a little like Pirandello's *Six Characters In Search of an Author*."

Fortunately, the writing-ensemble approach—more a piecemeal than a collaborative effort—seemed to work in *Casablanca*'s favor. "One of the charms of *Casablanca* is its awkwardness, its fresh-seeming uncertainty about the kind of film it wants to be," author Ian Hamilton observes. "The film's two or three contrasting manners of address—the comic-cynical, the soppy-elegiac, and the solemn-propagandist: they jostle each other in a chummy sort of way but only because none of them knows where it's going. The whole thing has an anthology air to it: not so much a story as a stringing together of great moments to remember."

During much of the filming, Bogart continued to be upset with the way his character and the picture itself were going.

Arguments between the actor and Curtiz stalled shooting, with Bogart shouting about his lines: "Why am I saying this? Why? Why?"

By way of non-answer, Curtiz would exclaim: "Actors! Actors! They want to know everything!"

Fortunately, bit by labored bit,

through contributions from the producer, director, writers, and Bogart himself, the personality and character of Rick began to take on the form that continues to entrance viewers half a century later.

Despite tremendous deadline pressure, the writers quietly worked wonders, the Epsteins concocting such martini-dry exchanges as:

Renault: "And what in heaven's name brought you to Casablanca?"

Rick: "My health. I came to Casablanca for the waters."

Renault: "Waters? What waters? We're in the desert."

Rick: "I was misinformed."

And they gave Bogey a catch-line he particularly liked: "Here's looking at you, kid."

Koch, as well, brought forth memorable lines. He reminisces: "Bogart would invite me into his dressing room with his usual, 'Relax and have a drink.' We would talk and sometimes an idea or a line of dialogue would pop out of the whiskey bottle."

Both Koch and Bogart variously have been credited for crafting the final form of Rick's now-classic lament: "Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, she walks into mine!"

As the moral center of *Casablanca*, Rick is something of a paradox—an amoral good guy such as Rhett Butler or Shane. Major Strasser reads from his little black book: "Richard Blaine, American. Age, thirty-seven. Cannot return to his country. The reason is a little vague. . . ."

Rick, intriguingly, is seen by the film's other characters in various ways—as evidenced by the manner in which they address him: "Ricky" (by Renault); "Richard" (by Ilsa); "Monsieur Blaine" (by Laszlo); "Mr. Blaine" (by Strasser); "Rick" (by Ugarte and Ferrari); "Herr Rick" (by Carl); and "Mr. Rick," "Mr. Richard," and "Boss" (by Sam).

The dramatic question at the heart of the picture, as Koch puts it, is how Rick will act "in a crisis when confronted with an unavoidable choice between taking one side or the other or, to put it another way, between his own interests and his real sympathies."

It isn't surprising that Bogart, in this role, would become an American icon. Rick seems to be a metaphor for America. Film historian Michael Wood sees him as representing "what isolation looks like at its best: proud, bitter, mournful, and tremendously attractive," contending that Rick symbolizes a main theme in American mythology—the belief that preserving one's individuality has to do with the fear of entangling alliances—the "dream of freedom from others."

Rick, as well as America, was not to be left alone. Destiny, it seemed, would take a hand.

"By July 10," recounted Wallis, "we were still dealing with a recalcitrant director, a cast who hated their lines, actors being overpaid to sit around for weeks doing nothing because we weren't sure we would need them again, and a female star who was desperate to be free to star in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*."

The writers' pencils now battled the camera to the finish line. "About two-thirds of the way through the production," Koch remembers, "the race was neck and neck." Wallis pointedly reminded the writers that failure to film on any one day would cost the studio $30,000.

As soon as new pages of script appeared—some written by the Epsteins, some by Koch—they were mimeographed and rushed to Curtiz and to all departments. Actors often were forced to recite dialogue received just the night before. In the final weeks of filming, Koch had "only the foggiest notion of what sort of film would emerge from the composite of our efforts."

The most perplexing part of making *Casablanca* was finding a way to bring the story to successful fade-out. Years later, Ingrid Bergman reminisced: "No one knew where the picture was going and no one knew how it was going to end. Every morning we said, 'Well, who are we? What are we doing here?' and Michael Curtiz would say, 'We're not quite sure, but let's get through this scene today and we'll let you know tomorrow.'"

Wallis recalled: "There was a long discussion about how to end it. Whether Bergman should go away with Henreid or whether she should stay with Bogart. We could see ending it either way."

When Bergman asked whether she was supposed to be in love with Laszlo or with Blaine, Curtiz would reply: "We don't know yet. Just play it, well, in between."

So Ingrid played the part down the middle. In that sense, she became the emotional focus of the film. On the resolution of her relationships with the two leading men hinged the ending. Bergman's uncertainty may well have enhanced her performance; Ilsa had no clear idea as to how things were to come out at the airport, either.

Indeed, well into the picture there occurs a splendid life-imitating-art exchange. Ilsa: "Can I tell you a story, Rick?" Rick: "Has it got a wow finish?" Ilsa: "I don't know the finish yet."

Bringing the film to a memorable conclusion entailed pulling the entire story together in a grand climax that would satisfy the romantic, moral, and political expectations of both the filmmakers and the moviegoers. Julius Epstein recollects: "Late one night my brother and I were driving down Sunset Boulevard. Talking about the problem. All of a sudden, we come up with the line that gave us the ending: 'Round up the usual suspects.' Working backwards, we had Strasser the prime candidate to be killed. Bogart would shoot him. Rains would look on."

Koch set about rewriting the last two scenes to incorporate the Epsteins' approach.

Few scenes in film history have made so lasting an imprint on the emotions of Americans as the seven-minute farewell sequence in *Casablanca*. Despite numerous technical difficulties in filming the scene, a multitude of takes, and one incident in which three of the major characters walked off the set in anger and disappeared for hours, everything finally pulled together, and in a matter of a few moments and a few lines of dialogue, *Casablanca* found its resolution.

Standing in the fog in his trench coat, with his fedora shading his face, Rick peers into Ilsa's tear-glistened eyes and says, "I'm no good at being noble, but it doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you'll understand that. Not now. Here's looking at you, kid."

So it is that Rick surrenders to the better angels of his nature, sacrificing

love in the cause of a greater good. Right prevails. And *Casablanca* had its magnificent, born-classic climax.

There still remained, however, the troubling ethical point of Rick's dispatching Strasser. In the original take, Rick fired his pistol first. But love and glory notwithstanding, the production censor would not permit Rick to shoot even a Nazi in cold blood. The shooting episode had to be redone so that Rick fired in split-second self-defense.

Finally, the ending needed an ending. With Ilsa and Victor on their way to freedom, Rick and Renault have decided to leave Casablanca and join a Free French garrison. The closing scene needed a memorable last line.

Appropriately, producer Wallis himself provided Rick's now-famous parting words: "Louis, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship."

Wallis and Curtiz called the filming completed in early August. They had come in $75,000 over budget and eleven days behind schedule—which, considering the problems surmounted, equated to a remarkable production achievement. Film editor Owen Marks then worked for weeks cutting "takes" into the finished film.

The last major element of the film to be completed was the musical score.

It may be surprising to many viewers today, in light of the now-inseparable association between *Casablanca* and its unforgettable theme-song "As Time Goes By," that the song was not original to the film. In fact, "As Time Goes By" was created in 1931 by composer-lyricist Herman Hupfeld for *Everybody's Welcome*, an inauspicious musical that left Broadway almost as soon as it arrived there. During his Cornell University student days, Murray Burnett had been captivated by the song. In writing *Everybody Comes to Rick's*, Burnett designated "As Time Goes By" as its musical theme.

From the very start, Wallis agreed with Burnett's selection as the musical backdrop for *Casablanca*. He chose Max Steiner, the studio's most prolific composer, to render the score. The Vienna-born composer already had proven his film-music prowess with richly-toned scores for more than fifty motion pictures—among them *King Kong*, *Intermezzo*, *A Star is Born*, and

The scriptwriters' most perplexing quandary was finding a way to bring "Casablanca" to a memorable and fitting climax.





Until practically the last minute, no one involved in the making of "Casablanca" knew how the film would end. Finally, however, the scriptwriters managed to pull the entire story together in an inspired conclusion that satisfied the romantic, moral, and political expectations of filmmakers and moviegoers alike. Rick's farewell to Ilsa (below) remains one of the most memorable scenes in motion picture history.



SPRINGER/BETTMANN FILM ARCHIVE, NEW YORK CITY (TOP); PRIVATE COLLECTION (CENTER); MOTION PICTURE AND TV ARCHIVE, LOS ANGELES (BOTTOM).

Gone With the Wind.

Cigar-chomping Steiner dutifully made "As Time Goes By" the motion picture's musical theme—though he did not much like the tune and would have preferred to have featured an original composition. The nightclub song, with Steiner's variations and elaborations, poignantly underscored the love-tale of Rick and Ilsa. Upon it, he appliqued original mood sequences and blended in passages from more than ten popular songs of the day, such as "Perfidia," "It Had to Be You," and "The Very Thought of You." Despite his misgivings, Steiner's vibrant score gave *Casablanca* its distinctive musical signature.

No cast "party" as such marked the end of work on *Casablanca*. The sets were unceremoniously struck. Bergman happily went on to *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Bogart, soon to receive a contract that made him one of the highest-priced actors in the world, unsentimentally took to his yacht for some sea air. The Epstein twins were accorded a raise—and a bungalow with fireplace, right on the studio lot. Selznick wired Wallis: "Think it is a swell movie."

"Nobody thought they had made history," Julius Epstein remembers. "It was just another piece of work completed. Then everybody moved on to the next piece of work."

Early in November 1942, Allied invasion forces occupied Casablanca, thrusting the North African city into the news. Seizing the golden opportunity, Warner and Wallis rushed the film—originally scheduled for a spring 1943 release—into a première engagement at the Hollywood Theatre in Manhattan's Times Square. Suddenly, the motion picture was as timely as the war communiqués of the day.

The New York dailies and "trades" printed rousing reviews: "Heavy intrigue." (*New Yorker*) . . . "A smashing and moving melodrama." (*New York Herald Tribune*) . . . "Sure-fire." (*New York Sun*) . . . "A first class piece of entertainment." (*New York Journal American*) . . . "Makes the spine tingle and the heart take a leap." (*New York Times*) . . . "A drama that lifts you right out of your seat." (*Hollywood Reporter*) . . . "As sweet a package of grand, all-around entertainment as has been seen in a long time." (*Showman's Trade Review*).

The Hollywood Theatre, with 1,500 seats, packed in 31,000 people during the first two weeks alone. Even in snowfalls, patrons waited in long lines to buy their forty-cent tickets.

With an additional touch of luck, *Casablanca* went into general release throughout the United States on January 23, 1943—just as President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Winston Churchill, and General Charles de Gaulle wound up their history-making conference at Casablanca.

For Warner Brothers, the newspaper headlines translated into dollars. Tens of thousands of moviegoers, intrigued by the dramatic doings in and about the real-world Casablanca, bought tickets at hundreds of local movie-houses. They passed the colorful lobby posters with Bogart in fedora, Bergman in picture-hat, Henreid resplendent in white linen suit. "They Had a Date with Fate . . . in the City that Rocked the World," proclaimed the promotional liners.

During 1943, *Casablanca* won the same sort of acclaim throughout the nation that it had received in New York. Ticket sales placed it among the three top-grossing Warner films for the year.

Whatever could go wrong in making *Casablanca* had seemed to go wrong—

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What a happy ending.



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but wrong, oddly, turned out to be right. It may have been a lot of plain luck. Koch, however, senses a more magical explanation: "I had the strange feeling that *Casablanca* created itself."

On March 2, 1944, at Grauman's Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, some 2,250 Hollywood executives, actors, and moviegoers, including scores of soldiers and sailors, witnessed the elevation of *Casablanca* to the realm of the elect. That night's Academy Award presentations were dedicated to the fighting forces of the United Nations.

When *Casablanca* was named Best Film for 1943, according to the *Los Angeles Herald-Express*, the audience "gaped in amazement, then quickly regained its composure and heartily applauded the unexpected results."

Casablanca also captured the award for Best Director. Never at a loss for the wrong word, tuxedoed Michael Curtiz muttered to the audience: "So many times I have a speech ready, but no dice. Always a bridesmaid, never a mother."

And the Academy Award for Best Screenplay Adaptation also went to the Warner film—in the persons of Julius and Philip Epstein and Howard Koch.

Although failing to win an Oscar, Humphrey Bogart had the lesser satisfaction of being nominated for Best Actor, as did Claude Rains for Best Supporting Actor, Arthur Edeson for Best Cinematography in Black and White, Owen Marks for best Film Editing, and Max Steiner for Best Score.

Half a century after *Casablanca*'s première, almost all of the film's principals have passed from the worldly scene—Bergman, Bogart, Curtiz, Greenstreet, Lorre, Rains, Veidt, Wallis, Warner, Wilson. Every so often, before his 1992 death at age eighty-four, Paul Henreid still viewed the film on television; now he, too, is gone.

But the film remains timeless. What is gone is with us still.

In *Casablanca*'s flickering lights and shadows, we re-enter Rick's Café Américain. There is danger in this miniature pre-Pearl-Harbor world, and desperation, and the stuff of dreams.

In indelible chiaroscuro images we again see the denizens of Rick's—but as though for the first time. And we hear their voices saying exactly what we know they will say—yet we are entranced by the familiar words:

Strasser: "My dear Mademoiselle, perhaps you have already observed that in Casablanca, life is cheap."

Ferrari: "It will take a miracle to get you out of Casablanca. And the Germans have outlawed miracles."

Ugarte: "Rick, hide me. Do something! You must help me, Rick. Do something!"

Rick: "The problems of the world are not in my department. I am a saloon keeper."

Victor: "If we stop breathing, we'll die. If we stop fighting our enemies, the world will die."

Ilsa: "Kiss me. Kiss me as if it were the last time."

After fifty years, the magic of *Casablanca* remains with us, intact. And the secret of the film's enduring spell would seem to be found, tantalizingly, in the human heart. For even today it's still the same old story. A kiss is still a kiss. ★

Award-winning New York writer Edward Oxford is a frequent contributor to American History Illustrated. *His narrative of the White House's two-hundred-year history appeared in the September / October issue.*

e the beginning of a beautiful friendship.



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"BUT A COMMON MAN"

continued from page 37

second-born son Israel, another of his brothers, and many kinfolk, neighbors, and comrades. It was the single bloodiest phase in the three-century campaign for the conquest of North America.

Despite his deep personal losses, Boone never demonized his Native American opponents. He later characterized the origins of the conflict with candor: "We Virginians had for some time been waging a war of intrusion upon them. I, amongst the rest, rambled through the woods in pursuit of their race, as I now would follow the tracks of a ravenous animal." For their part, according to Boone, the natives "saw the approaching hour when the Long Knife would dispossess them of their desirable habitations," and they "determined utterly to extirpate the whites out of Kentucke." In Boone's view, war came not because Americans and Indians were so alien, but because the two races were competing for the same resources.

By the end of Lord Dunmore's War, Boone's name was well known all along the southern Appalachian frontier. Thus, when Richard Henderson, a North Carolina land speculator, organized a company to purchase from the Cherokees their rights to Kentucky, it was natural that he would ask Boone to direct the marking of a road over the mountains and the fortification of a town site. In exchange, Boone was to have his choice of two thousand acres of Kentucky land.

At Sycamore Shoals in March 1775, Henderson's "Transylvania Company" and a contingent of Cherokees negotiated the purchase of twenty million acres. Before Boone left the treaty grounds to begin marking the path later known as the Wilderness Road, the old Cherokee chief Oconostota took him aside. "Brother," he said, grasping Boone's hand, "we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it." The chief's words proved prophetic.

Trouble began soon after the roadmakers hacked a trace over the mountains. As they slept in their camp south of the Kentucky River, Native Americans fired on them, killing two men and wounding another.

Boone dashed off a message to Henderson, still east of the mountains with the main party. "The people are very uneasy, but are willing to stay and venture their lives with you," he wrote. "Now is the time to flusterate [the Indians'] intentions . . . and keep the country, whilst we are in it. If we give way to them now, it will ever be the case."

The dauntless frontiersman then led his men the final fifteen miles to a broad floodplain along the south side of the Kentucky River, where they established the settlement of Boonesborough. "It was owing to Boone's confidence in us, and the people's in him," Henderson later wrote, "that a stand was ever attempted."

Boone remained through the summer to begin construction of a fort, then returned east to bring his family over the mountains. "My wife and daughter," he declared with pride, were "the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucke river."

With his family settled at Boonesborough, the woodsman had invested his all in the founding of an American community in Kentucky. By the end of 1775, a stream of settlers filed more than nine hundred claims to the land of the bluegrass, and Boonesborough was one of several expanding population centers. Henderson's Transylvania Company, however, soon disappeared, its title to the land (along with Boone's promised two thousand acres) ruled invalid by the government of Virginia, which assumed jurisdiction.

The Shawnees and Mingos continued to harass the settlement during the next year. The culmination of these raids came in July 1776 when five natives kidnapped Boone's thirteen-year-old daughter Jemima and two other girls. Boone, after two days of trailing the kidnappers, led an ambush of their camp that brilliantly succeeded in rescuing the girls unharmed. This dramatic episode, which James Fenimore Cooper later immortalized in *The Last of the Mohicans*, marked the *summum bonum* of Boone's reputation among his contemporaries.

With the American Revolution now under way in the east, the British engaged the western Indians in a strategy designed to demoralize the border settlements. Hard-hit by war parties, Kentucky settlers abandoned their outlying farms and sought refuge within Boonesborough's rough fortifications, swelling the population.

Forced to remain within the log walls, Boonesborough's inhabitants ran dangerously low on food by late 1777. The gravest problem was that they were "almost destitute of the necessary article of salt" required for preserving game. The supply was so exhausted by January 1778 that Boone was forced to risk leaving Boonesborough dangerously undermanned while he led a party of men to the springs on the Licking River to make salt.

Thus began the most controversial episode of Boone's life. While hunting to supply the saltmakers, he was captured by a large Shawnee war party, and to divert the natives' attention from the weakened settlement, agreed to surrender his twenty-nine men. They were taken to the Shawnee town of Chillicothe, north of the Ohio River.

About half of the Americans ended up as prisoners of the British, where they endured great suffering—some toiling at forced labor, others rotting in damp dungeons until the end of the Revolution. The rest, including Boone, were adopted into Shawnee families. Boone became *Sheltowee*, "Big Turtle," the son of Blackfish, a chief of the Chillicothe Shawnees.

Because of his familiarity with native ways, Boone, unlike most of his men, took well to life at Chillicothe. His apparent pleasure with his lot baffled many of the other white captives; but it was all part of his plan, he later explained: "always appearing as chearful and satisfied as possible," watching all the while for an opportunity to escape.

The stories that Boone later told his family about his captivity, however, suggest there was more to it than that. He became very attached to Blackfish and his family, who were "friendly and sociable and kind to him." Blackfish addressed Boone as "my son," and Boone described his native father as

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"one of Nature's noblemen."

Boone "completely deceived Blackfish and his simple-hearted people," doing everything he could to win their confidence. Gradually their trust increased to the point where Boone was allowed to hunt, and he was able to secrete a small cache of ammunition in the fold of his hunting shirt.

But Boone also deceived his own men, who suspected him of treason. Boone had consulted with the British commander, hunted with the Shawnee warriors, even lived in the lodge of Blackfish himself. When one of the saltmakers escaped and reached an American settlement, he claimed that "Boone was a Tory, and had surrendered them all up to the British, and taken the oath of allegiance to the British at Detroit."

In fact, some of Rebecca's people were Loyalists; this only aggravated Boone's cause. Tormented by gossip and fearing that her husband had been killed, in May she took the children back to North Carolina. When Boone finally made a heroic escape from the Shawnees in June 1778, he arrived at Boonesborough to find his family gone and the settlers sullen and suspicious.

He brought news that the Shawnees were planning a massive attack against the outpost. Whatever the settler's feelings about him, he declared, they "must make what preperration they could" for "the Indeans would certainly be their in a few Days." When Blackfish's army of four hundred arrived, all Boonesborough watched suspiciously from the walls as Boone went out to parley with his Shawnee "father." Their apparently warm reunion panicked the settlers, who feared that Boone "intended to surrender the fort." Instead, he reported that Blackfish had proposed negotiations to avoid bloodshed. Stalling for time while awaiting reinforcements, the Kentuckians agreed to the proposal. Adopting a ruse similar to that employed by Boone at Chillicothe, they agreed to recognize the Ohio as a boundary, and both sides promised "allegiance to the King of Great Britain." Although "we could not avoid suspicions of the savages," as Boone put it, "the articles were formally agreed to and signed" with a good deal of ceremony. But neither the whites nor the Shawnees trusted their opponents, and both had instructed their marksmen to fire at the first sign of trouble. As the ceremony concluded, a scuffle broke out; in the ensuing confusion riflemen opened fire. The Kentucky negotiators succeeded in reaching the cover of the fort, and the siege of Boonesborough began.

Lasting eleven days, this battle has taken its place in American history as a classic confrontation between Indians and Americans. The Shawnees made several attempts to storm the walls, and failing this began to dig a tunnel to undermine the fort. On what became the final night of the siege, the Shawnees set up an intense barrage of covering fire as warriors ran forward with torches in an attempt to burn the walls. But this tactic cost them enormous casualties, and a heavy rain late in the evening put out the fires and collapsed their tunnel. Accepting failure, the Shawnees slipped away under night's cover; the siege had cost them thirty-seven men to two Kentuckians killed.

Boone was then charged with treason, and a formal court-martial produced testimony that the frontiersman "was in favour of the British government; all his conduct proved it." Boone repeated his explanation that he had surrendered his men to protect Boonesborough, where "the fort was in bad order and the Indeans would take it easy." The panel quickly rendered its verdict: "The court Marshal Deseded in Boon's favour," wrote an observer, "and they at that time advanced Boon to a Major."

Boone clearly not only had been acquitted but vindicated. Nevertheless, a whispered debate, of which he was painfully aware, continued for years. One Boonesborough woman, who admitted that she could "never bear an Indian's presence," gossiped that the Shawnees surrounding the fort had called often for Boone, and he "would rise up, and go out freely to and among the Indians; did so repeatedly." For her, it was Boone's obvious ease with the Shawnees that made him suspect. "Boone was willing and wished to surrender," she believed, and she taught her children that "Boone never deserved any thing of the country."

Boone, always hypersensitive to criticism, felt crushed by the mere fact of the accusations. After the siege, he never lived at Boonesborough again.

"I am a Woodsman," Boone once wrote. When it came to money, he professed to be "ignorant [of] how to acquire it, except from the chase or by the regular fruits of honest industry." But after the Revolution, when all of Kentucky came down with the fever of land speculation, he put all his effort into becoming a successful businessman. In 1783 Boone moved his family to the port of Limestone on the Ohio, where he kept a tavern, a store, and a warehouse, and engaged in river commerce. Putting to good use his knowledge of geography, he became one of the busiest of Kentucky surveyors. Without proper training or tools, men like Boone "shingled" tracts of land one atop the other in a confusing maze that kept generations of attorneys well fed. But he brought to his business dealings the same frank and open manner that made him a popular leader. "Sorry to here of the Dath of your brother," he wrote one of his clients, "however We must submit to providence, and provide for the Living, and talk of our Lands."

All the wealth he could accumulate he invested in land. It was an enterprise not a little like gambling, and for Boone and other small investors this was a game in which the house enjoyed an extraordinary advantage. A man risked his capital not at the close of the round, when title was granted, but at the opening bid, when he procured land certificates or warrants. Boone's total investment in warrants, certificates, and rights purchased from individuals during the 1780s was in the range of seven to ten thousand pounds. These entitled him to make entries on thousands of acres of land. An entry, however, was merely a claim on a particular tract and had to be defended through a torturous process of official survey and grant of patent. Were other claimants to demonstrate prior rights, or superior surveys shingling his tract, the entry was lost and with it the investment.

During the mid-1780s, according to Nathan Boone, his father "thought himself worth a fortune in the wild lands of the country." Public records indicate that Boone filed claims to at least thirty-nine thousand acres, which qualified him as one of the largest res-

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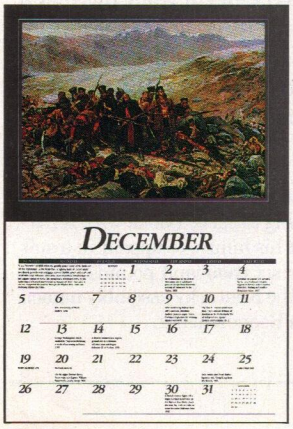
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ident land speculators in Kentucky. His strategy was to enter all the claims he could afford, reasoning that this would offer him the best insurance against caveats, challenges, and failures. In fact, though many of the claims failed to prove up, his entries resulted in the eventual granting to him of more than twelve thousand acres. This certainly was not the record of a man ignorant of the means of acquiring property. Boone knew what he was doing, though things did not turn out the way he planned.

"Little by little," said Nathan of his father, "his wealth melted away," the result of a number of factors. One of Boone's first priorities was to provide for his children, and while this cost him land, it certainly cannot be counted a loss. But Boone was as trusting as he was generous, and he often suffered as a result. "So confiding" was Boone, said Nathan, that he once stood as security for the five-hundred-pound debt of a man with whom he did business, then thought nothing of loaning him a horse, saddle, and bridle, and his only male slave, never considering that the man would use them to abscond. But he did, and Boone not only lost his property but had to pay off the obligation.

Boone lacked the ruthless instincts that speculation demanded. For him business obligations were personal matters, and doing the right thing frequently meant taking a financial loss. When he sold land, he usually bonded it against challenge, pledging to "forever Defend the land and premises hereby bargained." Unfortunately, many of his claims were faulty, and as a nephew put it, "Boone's honour compel'd him to pay up his bond while he owned one acre of land."

But these factors were really incidental to the failure of Boone's investment strategy itself. In the heavily speculative environment of Kentucky, Virginia decided to assess not merely lands held under title but land claims as well, and thus Boone's property taxes reflected a valuation of tens of thousands of acres. In order to hold onto his most valuable entries, he began to sell perfected titles to other tracts, often "for a trifle." In this manner Boone disposed of most of the land granted to him. Eventually he even began to sell his entries. In some cases, where his entries were threatened by shingled claims, he sold his interest at deep discount to speculators endeavoring to buy up all the competing claims. The failure of many of these claims meant that Boone frequently had to make good the losses, further increasing his need for cash. The speculative structure Boone had built soon collapsed of its own weight.

His entrance into the speculative world of business, Boone later said, "plunged him into difficulty" with the law, and legal matters soon began to consume most of his time and drive him to distraction. "I am to pay a Large sum of money at Cort on tusday Next," Boone wrote one of his clients, "I hope you will Come Down and satel on Monday Next at my house as I am very on well myself." From 1786 to 1789 he was a party to at least ten lawsuits. Men sued him for faulty surveys, for failed claims, for breech of contract, for the debts of his own and for the debts of others for whom he had posted bond. He lost most of these cases.

Authorities also called on Boone to testify in numerous other suits, usually asking him, as the surveyor, to identify corner trees or landmarks. The record books of Kentucky counties are filled with Boone depositions, and when one reviews the numerous cases it is easy to understand why his patience was tried. At the end of his testimony, the lawyer for the opposing side usually asked whether or not Boone stood to benefit by the outcome of the case. It was one of those proforma legal questions, but he always took it as an insinuation about his character. Was it not the case that the defendant had paid him a certain sum of money for his testimony, one lawyer inquired. He had "not received one shilling," Boone replied angrily, "nor was never offered any sum." Will you gain if the land claimed in this entry is saved, asked another lawyer. "Not a farthing!" Boone shot back. His testimony inevitably enraged those who lost their claims as a result, and Boone again began to fear the resentments of his neighbors. He told his children that his life had been threatened a number of times, and fearing assassination he hesitated to travel alone through the country. "Even in time of peace," he said sadly, "his own Kentucky was as dangerous to him as in time of Indian dangers."

In 1799 Boone and most of his clan left the United States to settle in Missouri, where the Spanish governor had promised him a large estate.* There Boone served as "syndic" of the Femme Osage district, and played a mediating role in the transition to American power after the purchase of Louisiana.

But as had been his misfortune in Kentucky, in 1809 the federal commission appointed to consider the validity of the Spanish grants rejected his title. At seventy-five, "Unable to call a single acre his own," he wrote, Boone was once again "a wanderer in the world."

Boone first had achieved fame as the result of a narrative written by John Filson in 1784, in which the Kentucky promoter portrayed the woodsman as a triumphant hero. Later folklore dwelt on the resulting paradoxes in the woodsman's situation. As Boone prepares for his final departure from Kentucky, relates one such story, he goes to a young neighbor to say goodbye. "Where in the world are you going and what for?" asks his shocked friend. "To some point beyond the bounds of civilization and spend the remnant of my days in the woods," answers Boone. "For all my privations and toils I thought I was entitled to a home for my family," but "another bought the land over my head." He offers these parting words of wisdom: "I have lived to learn that your boasted civilization is nothing more than improved ways to overreach your neighbor." Boone throws his arms about his friend's neck and weeps like a child, then departs, leading Rebecca and their youngest son Nathan on horseback, in a scene reminiscent of the flight of Joseph and Mary into the wilderness.

Congress in fact later confirmed Boone's Missouri title; his children possessed fine farms of their own; and he spent his declining years in reasonable comfort. But the folklore struck at an essential truth. While the image of the poor pioneer "unable to call a single acre his own" may not have fit

*As they departed, the sheriff of Fayette County was attempting to serve Boone with an arrest warrant for his failure to appear in a suit against him for six thousand pounds; at the same moment, the Kentucky assembly named a new county in Boone's honor.

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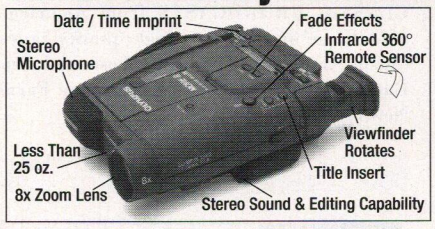
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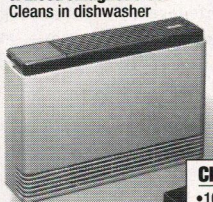
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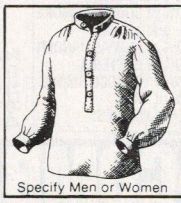
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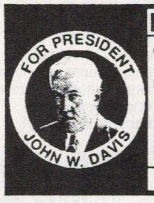
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Boone's case precisely, it applied full well to many of his contemporaries. Many of the Kentucky settlers failed to prove their land claims, and by the 1790s fewer than half of the households in the Bluegrass owned land. Boone's troubles were taken to stand for the experience of his fellow pioneers. He had attempted to make the transition from frontier to plantation, moving away from his past as a woodsman and hunter, but he did not have the temperament. And so in his last quarter-century, he returned to hunting and trapping.

Many tales were told about Boone's final move back to the life of the woods. In one, as he moves down the Ohio toward Missouri, someone asks what had induced him to leave "so rich and flourishing a country as his dear Kentucky, which he discovered and had helped to win from the Indians." "Too crowded," Boone exclaims, "too crowded—I want more elbow room!" In another, set in Missouri, Boone tells a traveler that "I wanted to go where I would not be around so much by neabors," but that in Missouri "I am too much crowded." Well, how close are your neighbors, the man inquires, and he is incredulous at Boone's reply. Only twenty miles away!

Such stories angered Boone. "Nothing embitters my old age," he told a visitor, like "the circulation of absurd stories that I retire as civilization advances, that I shun the white men and seek the Indians, and that now even when old, I wish to retire beyond the second Alleganies." Indeed, there is frequently a double edge to the folklore of Boone's wanderlust, for while it celebrates migration, the very essence of American pioneering, it also raises questions about his social commitments. Boone "did not stay [in] one plase long [enough] to get acquainted," declared one of his Kentucky neighbors; he "always lived in a world of his own." The settlers depended upon mutual assistance for survival and mistrusted men who refused to be neighborly.

A few years after Boone's death, Kentucky frontiersman Simon Kenton was asked for his reaction to debunking views of his old friend. Kenton was a quick-tempered man, but resigned to the inevitability of revisionist opinions, he summed up his feelings with a rhetorical shrug of his shoulders: "They may say what they please of Daniel Boone."

By considering Boone's life and legend, Americans have always sought to learn something of themselves. Boone was a woodsman, a man who loved the wilderness and sought a place to hunt and live at ease—but he also was a trailblazer who opened the way for thousands to follow. He was a husband and father devoted to his family—but also a man who craved solitude. He was a man who loved and respected Native Americans and hated violence—but also one who rose to fame as the leader of a war of dispossession. He was a man of contradictions—extraordinary, "but a common man." ★

John Mack Faragher is a professor of history at Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, Massachusetts. In addition to his new book on Daniel Boone, he is the author of Women and Men on the Overland Trail *(winner of the Frederick Jackson Turner Award) and the widely acclaimed* Sugar Creek: Life on the Illinois Prairie.

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WILLKIE *Continued from page 45*

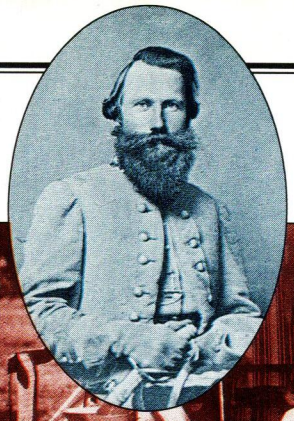
a global mission as Roosevelt's special envoy, touring the Middle East, Russia, and China and visiting Joseph Stalin, Chiang Kai-shek, and other national leaders. Upon his return he wrote a best-selling memoir, *One World*, in which he recounted his experiences and outlined his dream for international cooperation and justice. By this time, too, Willkie had become an outspoken advocate for racial equality, at home as well as across the world.

Willkie dropped out of the running for the Republican nomination on a liberal platform in 1944 after failing to win any delegates in the critical Wisconsin primary. He did not live to see the outcome of the 1944 election. A chain-smoker who had neglected his health for years, he fell ill that August with coronary thrombosis and had to be hospitalized; by October he had contracted streptococcus and suffered another heart attack. The end came mercifully quickly on October 8 for the fifty-two-year-old maverick.

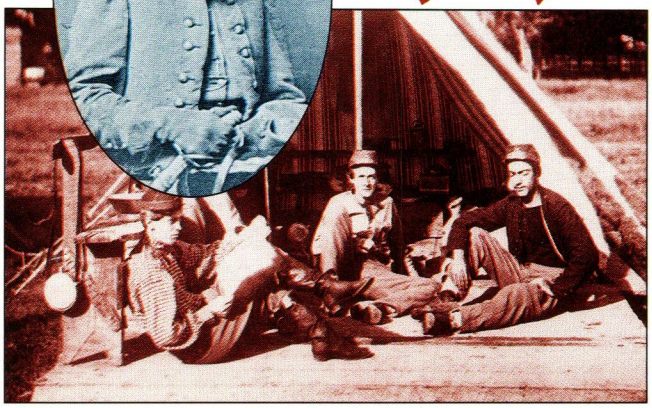
The conditions that spawned Willkie's White House bid in 1940 no longer exist today. Most importantly, a candidate seeking to win the nomination of one of the leading political parties cannot wait until the eve of the party's convention to make his move. He must be ready to enter the first primary and attempt to lock up the nomination many weeks before the convention begins.

But Willkie did set an example that remains a beacon for the outsider who seeks political power in America. He possessed an uncommon ability to connect with Americans of all sorts. From board rooms and barbershops to kitchens and front parlors, the people saw a man of warm heart and strong mind. With little of the "apparatus" that insulates and isolates twentieth-century presidential aspirants, this wealthy businessman showed that he understood "We the People" as well as any son of the earth. ★

A sports writer with six published books, Virginia free-lancer John B. Holway also covers international economics and history.



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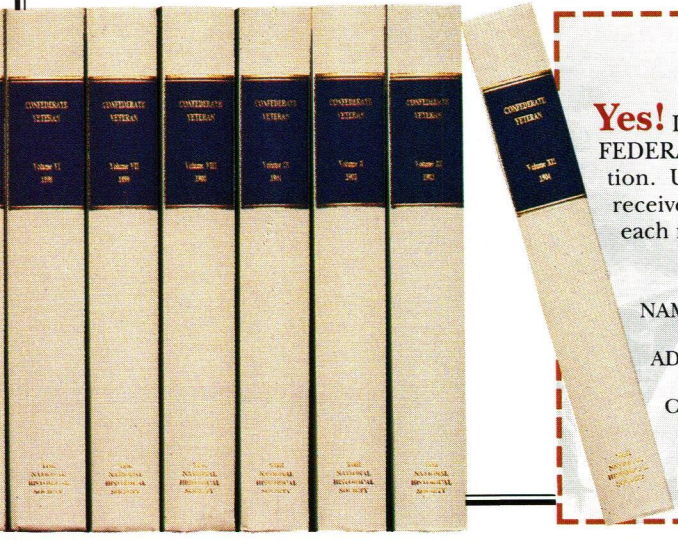
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